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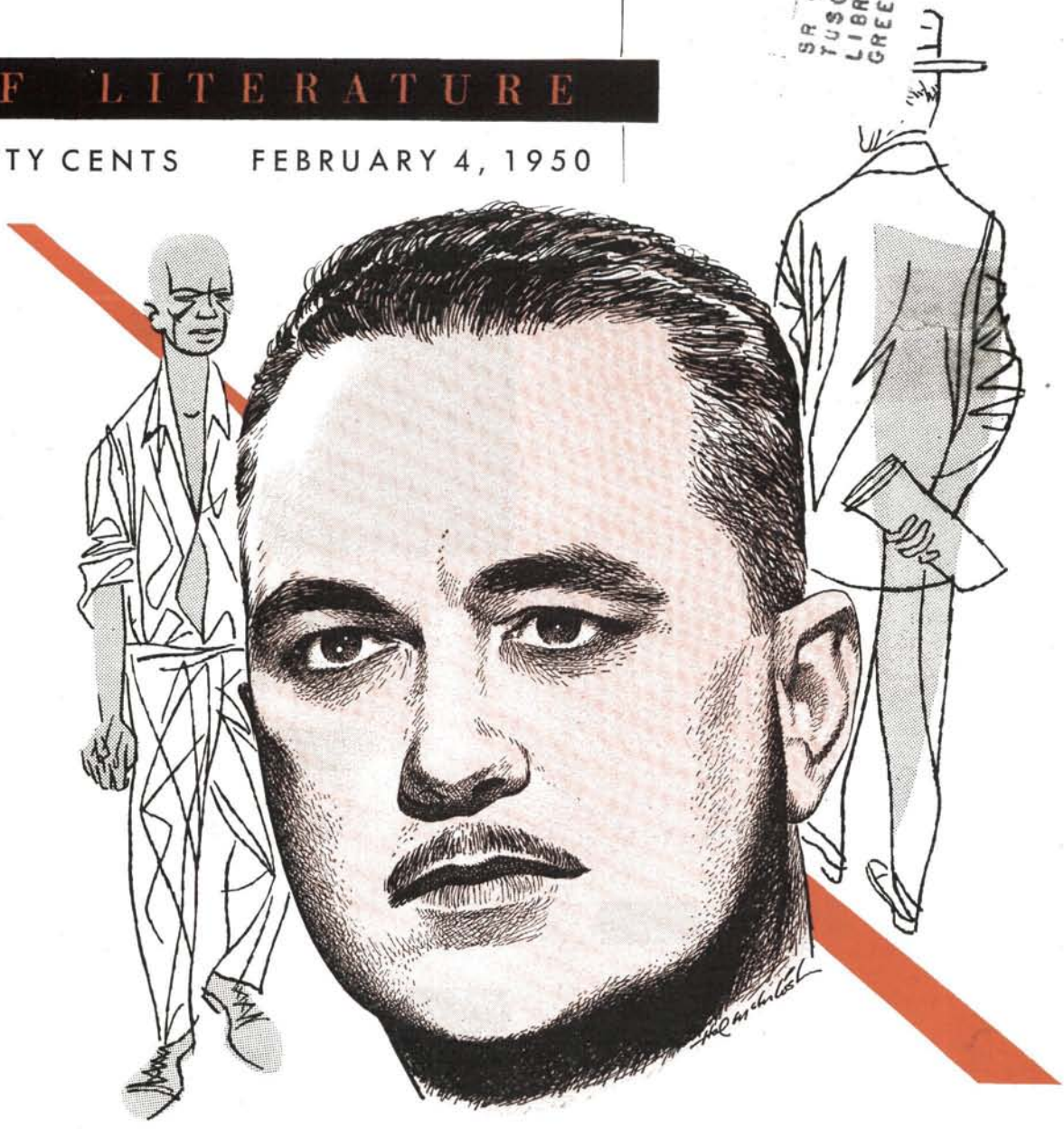

Hodding Carter, author of "Southern Legacy." (See page 11)

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A Guide to the New Reference Works
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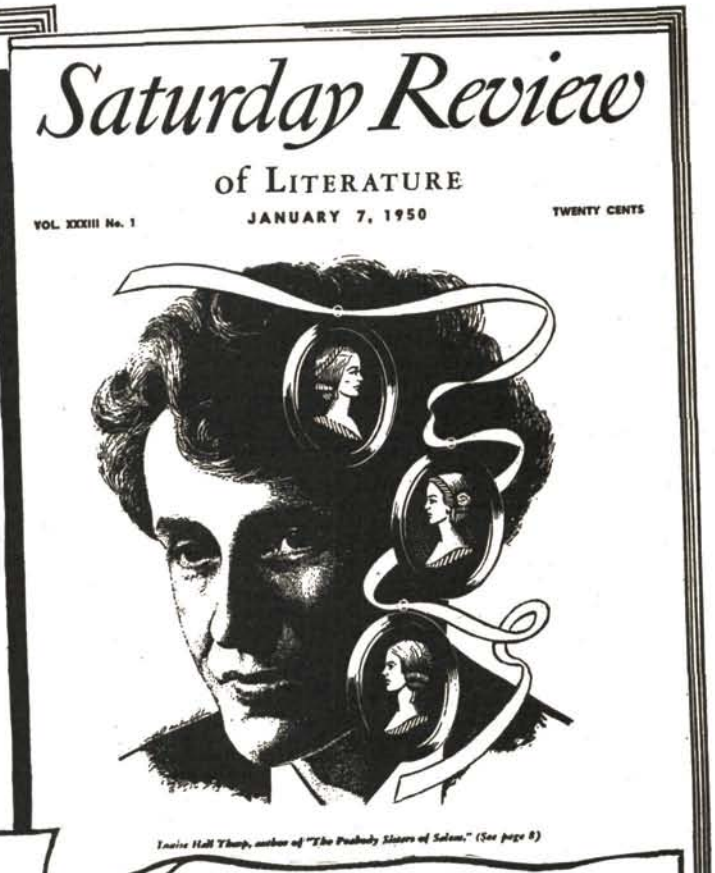
Ralph Korngold, author of "Two Friends of Man." (See page 9)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VOL. XXXIII No. 1
JANUARY 7, 1950
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Louise Hall Tharp, author of "The Peabody Sisters of Salem." (See page 8)

TWO FRIENDS of MAN

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RALPH KORNGOLD

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TRADE Winds

IN THE DECEMBER 3 issue of *SRL* I asked a number of questions pertaining to publishers' advertising and soon discovered that several hundred readers have much more definite ideas on the subject than bewildered publishers themselves. I am grateful to everybody who took time out to write me, including the agents who solicited my company's account, individuals who offered to revolutionize the book industry in thirty days, the man who printed his letter backwards so I would have to read it in a mirror, and the embarrassingly honest young man who wrote, "Don't bother about subtlety or the position of ads as far as I'm concerned. I buy absolutely anything about rape or with nekkid wimmen on the cover!" Several recognized advertising agencies have asked to see all the letters. After their return they will be tabulated by *SRL* and sent to *Printers' Ink*, which expects to run a feature article based upon an analysis of the opinions expressed. Your efforts, you see, were not in vain.

Professional advertising men have learned to discount the protestations of readers who insist they are never influenced by advertisements. Really clever campaigns do their work so subtly and break down public resistance by such slow stages that the victims never know what made them desire so passionately the product being peddled. I think it likely that four out of five readers who beseeched, "Cut out advertising entirely and devote the savings to reduction of the price of your books," don't realize how many volumes they bought because they were subconsciously prodded by smart advertising. I also am inclined to believe the ad-men are correct when they answer these time-honored outcries, "Cessation of book advertising would increase prices instead of lowering them, by first reducing the market materially and finally destroying it altogether. The publisher who stops advertising his books is courting certain bankruptcy." . . .

SO MANY LETTERS I received reveal ignorance of the basic concepts governing advertising of trade books that I want to summarize them for you, if possible, in the following paragraphs:

1. A publisher figures roughly on devoting 10 per cent of the retail price of every book sold to advertising. On that basis, he will spend thirty cents for every copy of a three-dollar novel billed to his customers. When the book has sold 10,000 copies, therefore (and this is far above the average), he has available only $3,000 for advertising. If it reaches the more likely total of 2,500 copies, he has exactly $750 to fling about with wild abandon.

2. To give you a rough idea of how far $750 will go on an advertising budget, a single one-page insertion in *The New York Times Book Review* costs over $1,400, a similar insertion in the *Chicago Tribune Book Section* only slightly less. This does not take into account preparation of the copy and making of the plate, which add an average of $150 to the cost. Space in important national magazines is proportionately expensive. (To satisfy your curiosity, a page in *SRL* now sells for $400.)

3. Most publishers are convinced that an appropriation of anything less than $1,500 for a book is an utter waste of money. Left to their own devices, they would let the dark horses on their lists make their own way entirely at the start, knowing that favorable word-of-mouth and good breaks in the reviews are the only ways to get such entries really launched. Once they show signs of definite life—possibly in only one city—the advertising can be poured in at twenty-four hours' notice. Why, then, do all the publishers ignore their own reasoning in this regard? It is because their authors must be mollified by at least one sizable ad in a respectable medium, because other authors are watching them constantly, because agents are doing the same (and have such big whips into the bargain!), and because big ads, no matter how useless, are singularly soothing to the publishers' own vanity. A futile undertaking is trying to sell an author the fact that all the flogging in the world will not activate a dead horse; that ads and radio interviews and cocktail parties are an unutterable and complete waste of time and money unless the public of its own accord has already shown a definite interest in the book in question. All this has been said countless times before, but it cannot be restated too often. . . .

A CAREFUL SCREENING of letters from *SRL* readers shows an overwhelming scorn of publishers' own superlatives and pre-publication boosts from fellow authors. "It is obvious," writes one cynic, "that either the publisher or the author himself has wheedled,

"But why did they put you in circulation and me in reserve?"

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Nancy Wilson Ross

whose previous bestseller, **THE LEFT HAND IS THE DREAMER**, explored the reasons for a woman's unhappiness in love and in marriage, has now written the story of modern man's fears and confusions in her new novel, **I, MY ANCESTOR**

I, MY ANCESTOR is the story of a man who has the necessity, and finds the courage, to question his own life.

With the help of a psychoanalyst, he is able to go back through his own life, through the life of his father, back, back, until he finds the tangled thread that has caught and twisted until it catches him, in his thirty-ninth year, in a net he can not escape.

But the net has caught others as well,—his wife, who waited patiently for him to find his way back from his private jungle; the girl he met and loved on the quiet island off the northwest coast; her lover, a young painter who was also lost; his father, who seemed to have found peace at last; Dr. Ermenthal, who tried so hard to help him . . .

As he travels backward he finds that more and more people are involved in this strange twist of the thread . . . until he comes back to the end of the beginnings to discover that every man has a net of his own to escape.

But I, MY ANCESTOR does not offer any golden panaceas. It is the story of a troubled man who finds, not a sudden ray of blinding revelation but a distant glow of light which shows him the way he must go.

Beautifully written, told with delicacy and warmth, I, MY ANCESTOR will firmly establish Nancy Wilson Ross as one of the most understanding novelists of these tense times. Like *The Left Hand is the Dreamer* in 1947, her new novel will be one of the most talked-about books of the year.

It will appeal to anyone who likes a good story well told, and especially to all those interested in the wonders of psychoanalysis.

393 pages, $3.50

I, My Ancestor

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"If you liked a book like The Egg and I *you will enjoy this one."*—ATLANTA JOURNAL

Backwoods Teacher

by Joseph Nelson

The hilarious, invigorating and frequently astonishing record of one year in the lives of an Ozark schoolteacher and his wife.

"This is the best book I have ever read about the people of the Ozarks who are, to me, the most fascinating people in the United States. It contains the humor of human behavior in its finest form."—H. ALLEN SMITH

"A story which has the drive of a fine novel as it develops a comedy of character which keeps the reader chuckling. A thread of romance runs through the year, and tragedy is always at the writer's elbow. Yet it is a story of high hearts. You chuckle and roar, and ask 'what next?' "—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

"Mr. Nelson tells enough of phonology, semantics, superstitions, religions, social customs . . . to make 'Backwoods Teacher' an interesting and important work for students of Americana. Yet seldom do his descriptions of Ozark characters interfere with his story and never do they submerge the characters."

—HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW,
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bribed, or brow-beaten the notables quoted into writing these phony puffs. Some do it amidst curses just to get the pests out of their hair. Others obviously expect to be paid back in kind when *they* perpetrate a book. It is also obvious that if any fellow author, badgered beyond endurance, tells the truth for once and writes, 'I think your book stinks on ice,' the offending letter is destroyed so quickly even the office gossip hasn't a chance to memorize it. In other words, quotes from anybody but professional, and clearly defined, objective critics are 100-per-cent worthless."

Almost unanimous agreement is expressed on two other points: a left-hand page is just as desirable as a right-hand one, and the rear of a book section is just as likely to be read as the front. One agent (Aaron Sussman) declared that a recent book-club ad pulled 20 per cent better with a right-hand coupon on a left-hand page! Another (Charles Denhard) noted that a brief three-line listing in a "Books Received" column way in the back of the *Times Book Review* produced 117 mail orders—with cash enclosed—for a book on masculine virility. In other words, the customer can be counted upon to find what he really wants to read—no matter where it is printed. . . .

HEREWITH ARE some of the more pithy comments I underlined in the letters I received:

From J. G. Edmonds, of Pittsburgh:

The publisher is of a very primitive species that devours its young. He puts out books so fast he pushes his previous output right off the shelves. The publisher blames the public, the printers, the times, but what he should do is get up off his fat behind and start ringing doorbells.

From Irving Cracowaner, of Tampa:

One legitimate news item about a book is worth a hundred blurbs. . . . There should be a better tie-up on advertising between publisher and retailer. I wonder how many publishers make sure that booksellers receive blow-ups of their bigger ads? Or provide clerks with digests of big books to insure a more intelligent selling job?

From Mary Kerby of Columbia, Mo.:

I don't give three whoops in the hot place where an ad is placed. I give most of them the bird anyhow and depend on the reviews. This year I hunted and hunted for a funny book to give Bess Truman and finally took a reviewer's word and sent 'One on the House.' After reading it I would say the reviewer was a bit overenthusiastic, but I sent it on anyhow.

From Corinne Davids, of Hartsdale:

I pay no attention to quotes. I am particularly influenced by Lewis Gannett's appraisals and by the facts dug out by our beloved Mary Margaret McBride.

From Gertrude Miller of Stockton:

I follow the column of Joseph Henry Jackson and ALA Booklet. Blurbs are on jackets and advertisements to sell the books. Most of them strike a very sour note.

From Frank Margary, of Sacramento:

The ads that have caused me to buy the majority of books I own are those mailed to me by bookstores. (In my case, Paul Elder.) Second best are those in *SRL*, third best, in leading magazines. Running absolutely last, if at all in the race, the newspapers.

From J. M. Price, of Philadelphia:

A pastime with few equals for the layman is to conscientiously absorb the blurbs in *Publishers' Weekly* and match them, a month or two later, with the notices the same titles draw from the more honest reviewers.

From E. R. Cochran, of Avalon, Pa.:

A full-page ad for a single book is a waste of money. I always expect it to be some sort of promotion scheme. . . . I resent the injection of personality into a book ad. If the copy writer wants to exercise his personality he should write books, not ads.

From Lawrence Pearson, of Bloomfield Hills, Mich.:

A full-page ad for a single book seems a prodigal waste of paper. . . . Rave notices by fellow authors invariably suggest logrolling.

From Hazel Weld, of New York:

All the folderol about rear pages, right- or left-hand pages is the hypnotism of the morons in the advertising business. Being engaged in what they subconsciously know is a phony and flatulent racket, they are trying desperately to dress it up in "scientific" clothes, like polls, position, and such slosh. . . . I pay no attention to quotes and superquotes; they are inescapably dishonest.

From Jeanne Nyclas, of Port Washington:

I particularly loathe quotes by news commentators, actors, and actresses. . . . They certainly are no authorities on good reading for me!

From C. Fitton, of Bridgeport, Conn.:

If I were a publisher, I would use a whispering campaign. I'd swear my employees, relatives, and mistresses to secrecy and send them into elevators, buses, and other crowded places in every major city, to extoll my products in stage whispers. This would be neither more expensive nor dishonest than display advertising and would sock readers right in their subconscious.

From J. J. Nevins, of Brattleboro:

I have read all my life, own a fair-sized library, and can't remember

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buying one single book because of a paid ad. . . . It begins to dawn on me that a publisher's lot is not always a happy one.

From Austin Jenison, of Lansing:

The ads of all book makers impinge on my medulla about two-tenths of 1 per cent. in short, to ads I am adiaphorous.

From Mrs. W. R. Plum, of Washington, D. C.:

I have sworn particularly never to buy another book which compares the author to Trollope or Jane Austen. The dull, gabby, snobbish tales which carry these false endorsements are invariably sheer poison.

From Charles Gaskill, of Philadelphia:

Publishers should keep up their standards and stop advertising authors who are obviously written out.

From Walter Netcher, of Knoxville:

When a publisher has to stoop to idiotic quotes from the author's personal friends and fourth-rate movie stars, he must be desperate indeed. . . . And deliver me from a couple of well-known reviewers who are always saying oh-so-smart things they know will be quoted in advertisements!

From E. H. Grysson of Hazardville, Conn.:

My pet hates are raves from book clubs and copy that is deliberately "cute."

From Mitchell Dawson, of Chicago:

Frequency of publication is more important than the size and placing of ads. A quarter-page every week will do more than a full-page every few weeks. . . . Beware illustrations that distract attention from book titles.

THE GLOOMIEST prognostication of all comes from Corley Heyworth, of Oklahoma City, who writes: "What's the difference whether publishers advertise or not? Television will put them out of business anyhow!" Get thee hence, Brother Heyworth, and Berle thyself in erl! Books have survived movies, jalopies, radio, and comics. Television is a minor menace by comparison. I think the book business is good today—and going to get steadily better.

And so far as the admonition of Mr. Edmonds, of Pittsburgh, is concerned, I don't know what other publishers are doing about it, but I hope he'll be interested to know that on the day this column appears in print its author, at least, will be ringing doorbells on the campus of De Pauw University, in Greencastle, Indiana. Is that far enough away?

Don't all answer at once!

—Bennett Cerf.

These novels are nearly a year old!

They were published way back in 1949! Nevertheless, they may, unlike most fiction, survive the new year and give pleasure to many new readers

IF

some discriminating people take our word for it that

The Man Who Carved Women From Wood

by Max White

The Big Wheel

by John Brooks

The Girl On The Via Flaminia

by Alfred Hayes

are three examples of the best creative writing since the war.

A mass of critical comment backs our opinion but space forbids adequate quotation from them. We give you just three appreciations . . .

THE MAN WHO CARVED WOMEN FROM WOOD: "As far above the average run of contemporary novels as the sun is above the earth."
—Louis Bromfield

THE BIG WHEEL: "The best American-written first novel of the year." —John K. Hutchens, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA: Among 1949 novels about the war, "only Alfred Hayes's *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* . . . seems likely to survive the year in which it was written."
—*Time*

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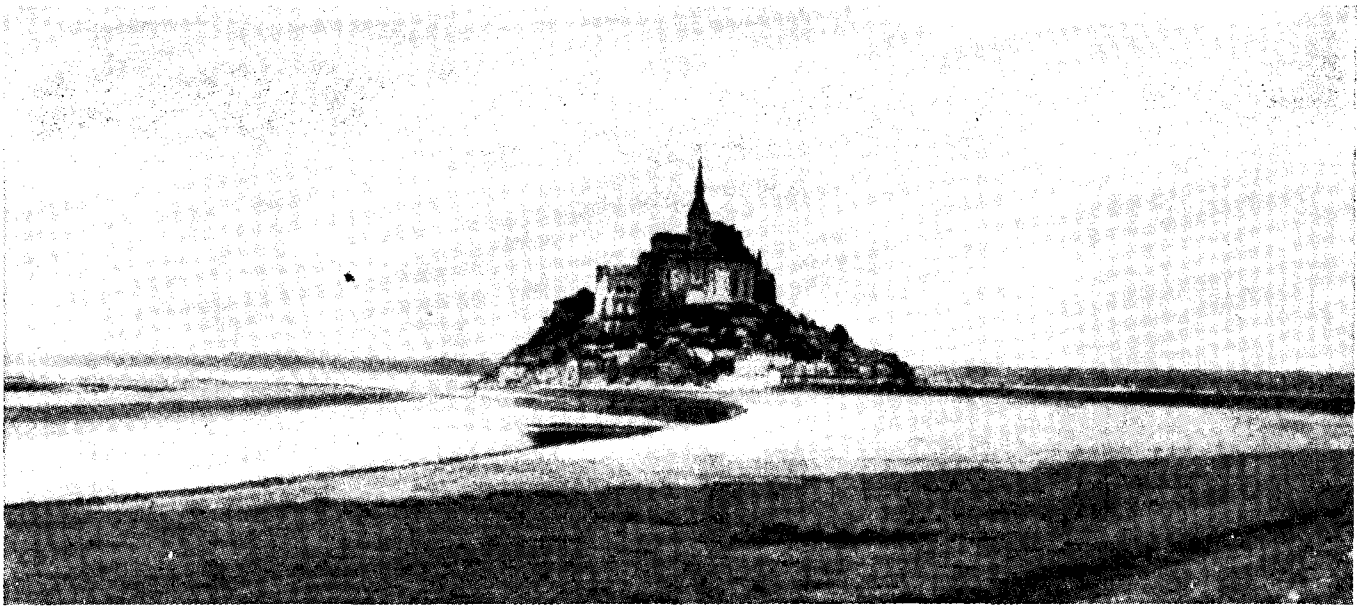


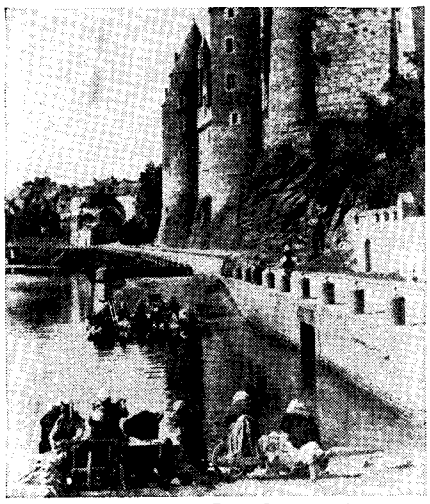
MONT ST. MICHEL—"Marvel of the West." Original church was built 709. The pilgrimage here was one of the greatest of Christianity.

NORMANDY • BRITTANY, a bit of FRANCE

BRETON "PARDONS", time-hallowed religious fêtes, keep vigourously alive the age-old traditions of song, dance, dress.

Ancient Tradition, Scenic Contrast, Hardy Folk, Make This A Special World. Easy to See by Motor-Coach or Car

From bright Deauville—past Victory beachheads—to lofty Mont St. Michel, every turn of the road is a delight! Clopping wooden shoes in twisted village streets, moated castles where the minstrel Roland sang, the peace of long golden days, give Normandy a flavour all its own. Then on to Brittany of the red sails and blue nets, where corsairs based at St. Malo, to Quimper with its fishermen's churches Religious fêtes go back a thousand years—Druid stones peer from the misty past—Celtic costumes and language survive the centuries. Brittany's curious charm is unique in this world. And everywhere, you're welcomed: Hotels and inns have atmosphere, food *spécialités* are famous. And prices are pleasingly moderate.



FEUDAL FORTRESS: Josselin, on the river Oust's bank, rises from solid rock. A magnificent example of 15th-century château.

FISHING PORT: picturesque Concarneau. Brittany owes its mild climate to the sea.

DEAUVILLE'S SMART CROWD comes for her beach, golf, the races and Casino.

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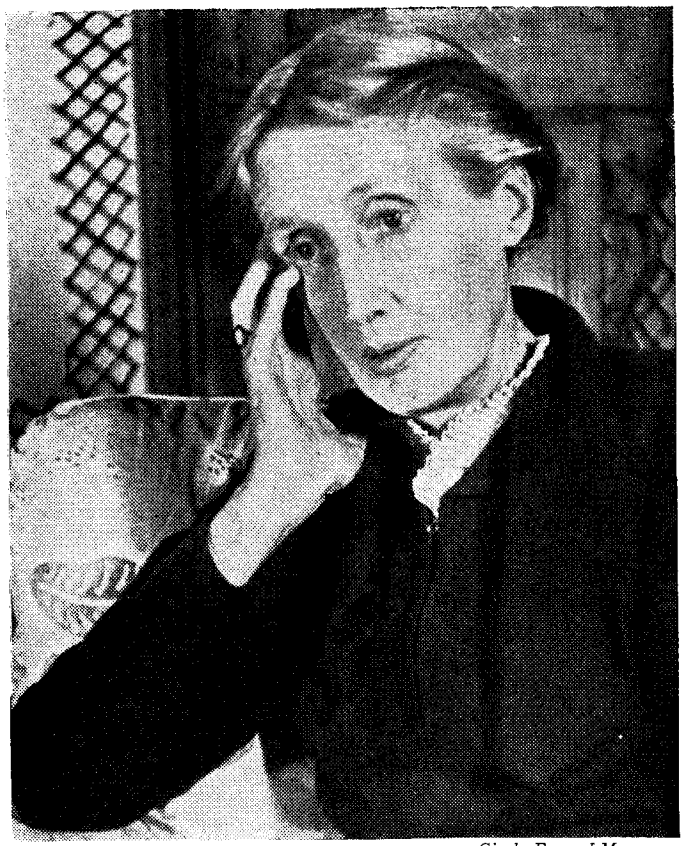

—Gisele Freund-Magnum.

Virginia Woolf: "Has the reviewer of literature any value?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following essay by the author of such memorable novels as "Jacob's Room" and "To the Lighthouse" was written not long before Mrs. Woolf's death in* 1941. *It will appear in a volume entitled "The Captain's Death Bed," to be published this spring by Harcourt, Brace. Mrs. Woolf's husband, Leonard Woolf, historian, political essayist, and sometime literary editor of the London* Nation, *comments on the essay on the following page.*

IN LONDON there are certain shop windows that always attract a crowd. The attraction is not in the finished article but in the worn-out garments that are having patches inserted in them. The crowd is watching the women at work. There they sit in the shop window putting invisible stitches into moth-eaten trousers. And this familiar sight may serve as illustration to the following paper. So our poets, playwrights, and novelists sit in the shop window, doing their work under the curious eyes of reviewers. But the reviewers are not content, like the crowd in the street, to gaze in silence; they comment aloud upon the size of the holes, upon the skill of the workers, and advise the public which of the goods in the shop window is the best worth buying. The purpose of this paper is to rouse discussion as to the value of the reviewer's office—to the writer, to the public, to the reviewer, and to literature. But a reservation must first be made—by "the reviewer" is meant the reviewer of imaginative literature — poetry, drama, fiction; not the reviewer of history, politics, economics. His is a different office and, for reasons not to be discussed here, he fulfills it in the main so adequately and indeed admirably that his value is not in question. Has the reviewer, then, of imaginative literature any value at the present time to the writer, to the public, to the reviewer, and to literature? And, if so, what? And, if not, how could his function be changed and made profitable? Let us broach these involved and complicated questions by giving one quick glance at the history of reviewing, since it may help to define the nature of a review at the present moment.

Since the review came into existence with the newspaper, that history is a brief one. "Hamlet" was not reviewed, nor "Paradise Lost." Criticism there was but criticism conveyed by word of mouth, by the audience in the theatre, by fellow writers in taverns and private workshops. Printed criticism came into existence, presumably in a crude and primitive form, in the seventeenth century. Certainly the eighteenth century rings with the screams and catcalls of the reviewer and his victim. But towards the end of the eighteenth century there was a change—the body of criticism then seems to split into two parts. The critic and the reviewer divided the country between them. The critic—let Dr. Johnson represent him—dealt with the past and with principles; the reviewer took the measure of new books as they fell from the press. As the nineteenth century drew on these functions became more and more distinct. There were the critics—Coleridge, Matthew Arnold—who took their time and their space; and there were the "irresponsible" and mostly anonymous reviewers who had less time and less space, and whose complex task it was partly to inform the public, partly to criticize the book, and partly to advertise its existence.

Thus, though the reviewer in the nineteenth century has much resemblance to his living representative, there were certain important differences. One difference is shown by the author of the "History of the London *Times*": "The books reviewed were fewer, but the reviews were longer than now. . . . Even a novel might get two columns and more"—he is referring to the middle of the nineteenth century. Those differences are very important, as will be seen later. But it is worth while to pause for a moment to examine other results of the review which are first manifest then, though by no means easy to sum up; the effect, that is to say, of the review upon the author's sales and upon the author's sensibility. A review had undoubtedly a great effect upon sales. Thackeray, for instance, said that the *Times*'s review of "Esmond" "abso-

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lutely stopped the sale of the book." The review also had an immense though less calculable effect upon the sensibility of the author. Upon Keats the effect is notorious, also upon the sensitive Tennyson. Not only did he alter his poems at the reviewers' bidding, but actually contemplated emigration, and was thrown, according to one biographer, into such despair by the hostility of reviewers that his state of mind for a whole decade, and thus his poetry, was changed by them. But the robust and self-confident were also affected. "How can a man like Macready," Dickens demanded, "fret and fume and chafe himself for such lice of literature as these?"—the "lice" are writers in Sunday newspapers—"rotten creatures with men's forms and devils' hearts?" Yet lice as they are, when they "discharge their pigmy arrows" even Dickens with all his genius and his magnificent vitality

. . . *In Other Words*

LEONARD WOOLF

THIS essay raises questions of considerable importance to literature, journalism, and the reading public. With many of its arguments I agree, but some of its conclusions seem to me doubtful because the meaning of certain facts has been ignored or their weight underestimated. The object of this note is to draw attention to these facts and to suggest how they may modify the conclusions.

In the eighteenth century a revolution took place in the reading public and in the economic organization of literature as a profession. Goldsmith, who lived through the revolution, has given us a clear picture of what took place and an admirable analysis of its effects. There was an enormous expansion of the reading public. Hitherto the writer had written and the publisher published for a small, cultured, literary public. The author and publisher depended economically upon a patron or patrons, and books were luxury articles produced for a small, luxury-consuming class. The expansion of the reading public destroyed this system and substituted another. It became economically possible for the publisher to publish books for "the public"; to sell a sufficient number of copies to pay his expenses, including a living wage to the author, and make a profit for himself. This killed the patronage system and eliminated the patron. It opened the way to the cheap book, read by thousands instead of by tens. The author if he wanted to make a living by writing now had to write for "the public" instead of for the patron. Whether this change of system was on the whole good or bad for literature and the writer may be a subject of dispute; it is, however, to be noted that Goldsmith, who had experienced both systems and is generally considered to have produced at least one "work of art," was wholeheartedly in favor of the new. The new system inevitably produced the reviewer, just as it produced modern journalism, of which the reviewer is only a small and particular phase. As the number of readers increased and with them the number of books and writers and publishers, two things happened: writing and publishing became highly competitive trades or professions and a need arose of giving to the vast reading public information regarding the contents and quality of the books published so that each person would have something to go on in making his selection of the books to read.

Modern journalism saw its opportunity to meet this demand for information about new books and invented reviewing and the reviewer. As the size, differentiation, and quality of the reading public has changed, so too have the number, variety, and quality of books changed. This has entailed, no doubt, a change in the number, the variety, and the quality of reviewers. But the function of the reviewer remains fundamentally the same: it is to give to readers a description of the book and an estimate of its quality in order that he may know whether or not it is the kind of book which he may want to read.

Reviewing is therefore quite distinct from literary criticism. The reviewer, unlike the critic, in 999 cases out of 1,000 has nothing to say to the author; he is talking to the reader. On the rare occasions when he finds that he is reviewing a real work of art, if he is honest and intelligent, he will have to warn his readers against the fact and descend or ascend for a short time into the regions of true criticism. But to assume that, because of this, the art of reviewing is easy and mechanical is a complete misapprehension. I can speak with the experience of a journalist who was responsible for years for getting reviews and reviewers on a reputable paper. Reviewing is a highly skilled profession. There are incompetent and dishonest reviewers, just as there are incompetent and dishonest politicians, carpenters, and writers, but the standard of competence and honesty is as high in reviewing as in any other trade or profession of which I have had inside knowledge. It is not at all an easy thing to give a clear, intelligent, and honest analysis of a novel or a book of poems. The fact that in the exceptional cases in which the book reviewed may have some claims to be a new work of art two reviewers take sometimes diametrically opposite views is really irrelevant and does not alter the fact that the vast majority of reviews do give an accurate and often interesting account of the book reviewed.

Literary magazines have failed because they have fallen between two stools. The modern reading public is not interested in literary criticism and you cannot sell it to them. The monthly or quarterly which hopes to print literary criticism and pay is doomed to disappointment. Most of them have therefore tried to butter the bread of criticism with reviewing. But the public which wants reviewing will not pay 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., or 5s. for it monthly or quarterly when they can get it just as good in the dailies and weeklies.

So much for the reviewer, the reading public, and the critic. One word about the writer. The writer who wants to write works of art and make a living by doing so is in a difficult position. As an artist the critic and criticism may be of immense value or interest to him. But he has no right to complain that the reviewer does not perform the function of critic for him. If he wants criticism, he should adopt the ingenious suggestion made in this essay. But that will not make the reviewer unnecessary or unimportant to him. If he wants to sell his books to the great reading public and the circulating libraries, he will still need the reviewer—and that is why he will probably, like Tennyson and Dickens, continue to abuse the reviewer when the review is not favorable.

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cannot help but mind and has to make a vow to overcome his rage and "to gain the victory by being indifferent and bidding them whistle on."

In their different ways, then, the great poet and the great novelist both admit the power of the nineteenth-century reviewer, and it is safe to assume that behind them stood a myriad of minor poets and minor novelists, whether of the sensitive variety or of the robust, who were all affected in much the same way. The way was complex; it is difficult to analyze. Tennyson and Dickens are both angry and hurt; they are also ashamed of themselves for feeling such emotions. The reviewer was a louse, his bite was contemptible, yet his bite was painful. His bite injured vanity, it injured reputation, it injured sales.

Is what was true then true now? At first sight there seems to be little change. All the figures are still with us—critics, reviewer, author, public—and in much the same relations. The critic is separate from the reviewer; the function of the reviewer is partly to sort current literature, partly to advertise the author, partly to inform the public. Nevertheless there is a change and it is a change of the highest importance. It seems to have made itself felt in the last part of the nineteenth century. It is summed up in the words of the *Times*'s historian already quoted: ". . . the tendency was for reviews to grow shorter and to be less long delayed." But there was another tendency; not only did the reviews become shorter and quicker, but they increased immeasurably in number. The result of these three tendencies was of the highest importance. It was catastrophic indeed; between them they have brought about the decline and fall of reviewing. Because they are quicker, shorter, and more numerous the value of reviews for all parties concerned has dwindled until —is it too much to say until it has disappeared? But let us consider. The people concerned are the author, the reader, and the publisher. Placing them in this order, let us ask first how these tendencies have affected the author—why the review has ceased to have any value for him. Let us assume, for brevity's sake, that the most important value of a review to the author was its effect upon him as a writer—that it gave him an expert opinion of his work and allowed him to judge roughly how far as an artist he had failed or succeeded. That has been destroyed almost entirely by the multiplicity of reviews. Now that he has sixty reviews, where in the nineteenth century he had perhaps six, he finds that there is no such thing as "an opinion" of his work. Praise can-

(*Continued on page* 30)

U.S.A. *Three of the books reviewed below deal with social problems that appear at first glance sectional, even local. Yet so closely knit has America become that they all affect citizens in every corner of the land. In "Southern Legacy" a leading Southern journalist, Hodding Carter, analyzes the heritage of the Civil War and Negro slavery and offers some sane suggestions as to what should be done about it. In "Jews in Transition" Rabbi Arthur I. Gordon studies the Jewish community in Minneapolis and emerges with conclusions helpful in understanding minority problems anywhere. One of the fastest growing areas in the USA, and certainly its most extraordinary, is the subject of Carey McWilliams's "California: The Great Exception." Morton G. White's "Social Thought in America" concentrates on no section, but on five early-twentieth-century thinkers whom he credits as instrumental in forming our present intellectual climate.*

Weighing a Dixie Dilemma

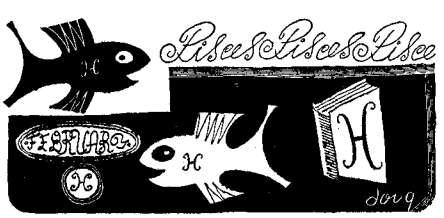
SOUTHERN LEGACY. By Hodding Carter. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 186 *pp.* $3.

By Ralph McGill

BOOKS on the South are almost as numerous as those on the Soviet Union. They stem, too, from almost the same diverse motives: to justify, explain away, to pillory, to arouse hatred against, to gloss over, and so on. Like those about Russia, the enthusiastic justification and the hatred largely are uncritical.

The critical truth is rarely come by in books about either. Jonathan Daniels did an excellent job of reporting and observation some years ago in "A Southerner Discovers the South." Virginius Dabney has made scholarly and valuable contributions in "Below the Potomac" and other publications. W. J. Cash was the first to go boldly and deeply into the "why" of the South in his "Mind of the South." Howard Odum's "Southern Regions" remains the basic source book and his sociological studies have been and are necessary readings.

Hodding Carter's "Southern Legacy" takes its place beside these. Excluding historical and biographical contributions, I can think of no previous book on the South which so carefully hews to the line of truth, avoiding all save that for which the author personally may vouch. It is an account of the experience of a very



human, clear-seeing, wise, courageous scholar and reporter in singularly plain terms. He relates much of it to human beings and their lives. More than any other person who has written on the "why" of the South, I believe he has come closest to an answer which can be understood and accepted as true and reasonable by all save the unreasonable.

Here, in "Southern Legacy," is the South which, after all the years of talking about a "New South," is suffering the first real labor pains of the long prophesied new being.

In the South the race problem is so interwoven with all that is the South that it may not be dissected out and examined as one may examine an inflamed appendix. Carter is the first to do so clear a job of demonstrating this. Carter reveals and demonstrates that fact. There are fourteen chapters in "Southern Legacy," and the problem is in all of them, woven there as part of the fabric of the South.

The initial chapter is titled "The Broadsword Virtues." It was these virtues which made it possible for Hodding Carter to establish himself in Greenville, Mississippi, and publish there a newspaper which disturbed and annoyed the status quo from the day of its first issue. It is the strength of these virtues which enabled him to absorb his newspaper competition and to become one of the most progressive voices in the South, one of the most forthright spokesmen for full citizenship for the Negro in the state with the largest Negro population and, therefore, with the most fear and resistance.

On concluding reading the book, I found myself hoping it may have a large readership—South, North, East, and West. Also, I found myself wish-

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ing especially that three of the chapters—"The Case of Eddie Mack," "Clint Ate Corn Pone," and "Just Leave Us Alone"—might somehow be "must" reading for every literate person with the slightest curiosity about the South.

Hodding Carter is the first of those writing a book on "the South" to give full force to the folkways and folklore of the South. Yet, it is the folkways and folklore of a nation or region which best explain its resistance to or acceptance of laws, decrees, ideas, government, or force.

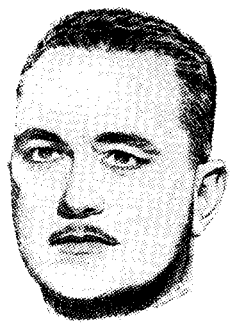
In his chapter "Just Leave Us Alone" Mr. Carter reveals the hypocrisy which is behind much of the Southern resentment against distant criticism. He reveals that same hypocritical quality in the "states' rights" movement, too. But he says, with great truth:

> The white South does have a historic and present-day basis for suspicion and fear. The Southern contradiction of democracy is the only one in the nation against which an aggressive demand for full, abrupt, and forcible revision is continuously directed. Ours is the only region in which an ethnologically distinct, repressed, and culturally retarded people are constantly told, through every available medium of communication, that the dominant majority is unqualifiedly evil in its behavior. . . . Certainly this majority is too reluctant to give ground. No one is more aware of this reluctance than the mounting numbers of Southerners who are determined upon absolute justice for the Negro But they are equally aware that justice and equality and democracy are absolute nowhere in the United States, that the battle line is nationwide, and that violent propulsion toward the ideal precipitates violent reaction.

Certainly Hodding Carter and others who stand with him, as well as those who were earlier in the fight, are asking for no let-us-alone period, nor any relenting in the struggle to remove the contradiction of democracy. They are saying, "It is not true that we must be let alone, but that we must not be set apart as an incomprehensible, stubborn contradiction."

I believe the most unrelenting critic of the South's failures and injustices will be impressed with the honesty of this book. It is an aggressive book, which will offend the Southern Bourbons, cause the hypocritical and dishonest "states' rights" leaders to wail, and encourage those Southerners who love their region enough to be dissatisfied with it until it is "more perfect and secure."

Ralph McGill is editor of the Atlanta Constitution.



THE AUTHOR: Mitigate a tradition of hurt Southern pride with boyhood (and current) summers in Maine, a B.A. at Bowdoin, a year at Columbia, and you have liberalism, made more patient, to be sure, by the semantics of Dixie mood, tense, and number, but plenty potent to spur Hodding Carter when a fledgling editor and publisher to joust with Huey Long from 1932-36. The demagoguery won, of course, forcing the young crusader on Hammond, La.'s *Daily Courier* to pack pen and frequently needed pistol off to Greenville, Miss., where he started the *Delta Star*. Prominent citizens there wanted a paper with a forthright editorial policy, and they got a 1946 Pulitzer-Prized one. The amalgamated *Delta Democrat-Times* has recently campaigned successfully for a low-cost hospital for whites and Negroes, public swimming pools of equal size and cost, new Negro school buildings, the first local diversified agricultural fair, the first rice-growing project, a slum-clearance drive, a comprehensive land-use program, and non-interference with voting rights. "We are continuing," Carter says, "to hammer away for abolition of poll tax by state action and the addition of Negro police to our force. Right now I am brawling with two Baptist ministers about repealing a stupid prohibition law. . . . We play rough down here." He has always played rough—with Bilbo, Talmadge, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the German Nazis, the last for nearly five wartime years overseas. Currently in the middle of "Gulf Coast Country" for the Duell, Sloan Folkways Series, he has also started writing a novel about a little-known West Florida rebellion in the 1800's. Short stories aside, it will be his third fiction work. The others, "Winds of Fear" and "Flood Crest," dealt with social-racial tension. Besides magazine articles (some thirty since 1947) and lecturing, he does a Sunday column for fifteen Southern dailies and *The Washington Post*, all to the same end: "to show non-Southerners what is good about us and Southerners what is still bad about us." — R.G.

Minneapolis Jewry

JEWS IN TRANSITION. By Albert I. Gordon. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 331 pp. $4.

By Milton R. Konvitz

THE author of this book, during the sixteen years that he was rabbi of a conservative synagogue in Minneapolis, conducted a one-man Middletown or Yankee City study of the Jews of his community. The result is an interesting book that reveals the ways in which the Jews of Minneapolis have undergone deep-sea cultural changes in the course of the past seventy-five years.

Minneapolis, since its incorporation less than a hundred years ago, has become a city of a half-million inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Jews. Only about twenty-five pages are devoted to the relations between Jew and non-Jew and these pages are the saddest of all in the book, for the author quotes without dissent Carey McWilliams's judgment that Minneapolis is the "capital of anti-Semitism in the United States." The Minneapolis Jew, says Rabbi Gordon, "feels that he is still an outsider." Jews are excluded from the local Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, athletic, and automobile clubs. They are excluded from milling, lumbering, transportation, private utilities, banking, insurance, and chain-stores. Recently when a Jewish family moved into their new home they were obliged to call for police protection. The exclusion from neighborhoods is so severe that "the picture with respect to housing must be recorded as dark." While 41 per cent of the citizens of the city own their own homes, the percentage of Jews who own their homes is 70 largely because of their inability to rent homes from unfriendly landlords.

There is, however, a great difference between the attitude of townsmen and that of the University of Minnesota. While in the early 1930's there was a problem of anti-Semitism on the campus, since then the situation has changed, and it is reported that at the University "there is virtually no discrimination, or even any recognition of differences in race or religion."

Despite the anti-Semitism in the city, the Jewish citizens, according to the author, show no inclination to lose their identity as Jews. There are close to a hundred Jewish organizations, with religious, educational, social, and philanthropic interests, and there is hardly a Jew who is not a member of one or more of these organizations. Few change their name,

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and even this is frequently accomplished not for the purpose of "passing" but rather to "Americanize" the name; so Lifschitz becomes Lipson and Mandelofsky becomes Mandel.

Rabbi Gordon describes the changes in folkways within the Jewish home, and the synagogue, in beliefs and practices from cradle to grave. There is today little emphasis on ritual—only 20 per cent purchase kosher meat for home consumption; there are no strictly kosher restaurants in the city; there are only a few who observe the Sabbath and holidays strictly; women do not occupy a separate section of the synagogue. On the other hand, more young people participate in the affairs of the congregation than was the case years ago; the synagogue has become the center of Jewish life and activity; there is a friendlier response to Hebrew and Yiddish on the part of the sons than was true of their fathers; there is considerable interest in Jewish education. While intermarriages are increasing, the non-Jew is more readily welcomed into the Jewish community, even into the synagogues, and the number of divorces in cases of intermarried couples "does not appear to be high."

All in all, one finds that there is a great deal of cultural "accommodation" within the Jewish community. Changes, slight or radical, are constantly being made, most of the time unconsciously. Only the outsider sees sameness, a stubborn refusal to make adjustments; while it is the outsider himself who stubbornly refuses to make adjustments, to follow the policy of "live and let live."

Rabbi Gordon is to be commended for this interesting communal inventory. It demonstrates what a one-man research undertaking can accomplish if one brings to his task imagination, judgment, respect for objectivity, and a profound interest in human beings and their problems.

In the Wind

By Eric Wilson Barker

NOTHING is still—
not even stones that wear
such flowing shadows
from the fluent air
themselves seem not composed
of anything less volatile than light.
These lucent waves
set charges to the hills,
put trees, like clouds, to flight.
Nothing is still—
this landscape like a forest undersea
all wavers from the roots
in wind like water
that unmakes a stone.

An Intellectual Rebellion

SOCIAL THOUGHT IN AMERICA: The Revolt Against Formalism. By Morton G. White. New York: The Viking Press. 260 pp. $3.50.

By PETER R. LEVIN

LONG before he came to the Supreme Court Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., decided that "the life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience." To find out what the law actually is and how it got that way, Holmes urged and adopted for himself the pragmatic approach. And in so doing he broke sharply with the jurists and legal scholars of his time who were, he thought, enmeshed in the ancient coils of Aristotle's syllogistic logic and, therefore, blind to the obvious fact that far from being a "system of reason"—that is, "a deduction from principles of ethics or admitted axioms or what not"—the law was a fluid affair subject to chance and change, drawing its "juices of life" from the judges' notions of "what is expedient for the community concerned . . . the result of more or less definitely understood views of public policy." In other words, the law was not a series of immutable truths to be engraved on tablets of stone or even in the hearts of men; it was a device for the living to use as they saw fit and as circumstances dictated.

Chronologically, Holmes was the first of a quintet that Morton G. White believes to have led an intellectual rebellion, which he calls, in his book's subtitle, "the revolt against formalism." The other four were: John Dewey, critic of old patterns in education and formulator of new ones, the philosopher of pragmatism who opposed alike the thinking of English rationalism and German idealism while he tried to develop a "practical" native American brand; Thorstein Veblen, the acidulous commentator on the dogmas preached by orthodox economists and satiric observer of the ways of business enterprise, who brought vision and direction to institutional economics; James Harvey Robinson, prophet of the "new history" that would render obsolete old chronicles which made so much of kings and prime ministers and the strenuous deeds of generals and so little of all else; and Charles A. Beard, the skeptic who searched politics and history for an economic motive—and, finding it, passed it on as an indelible contribution to serious historical writing.

All in all, this is an impressive fivesome, and Mr. White gives them an impressive and generally clear treatment. He correlates the similarities in their thinking and underlines the differences to produce a remarkable and stimulating portrait of the modern liberal mind in America. That mind perhaps originated in revolt but it developed a highly constructive body of knowledge and, even more important, a method for probing truth in the social sciences. For not only did the five join hands in attacking conservatism and in ridiculing what formal, abstract doctrine and deductive reasoning said *must* be true when a simple reading of the facts showed otherwise; they were in agreement that truth in law or philosophy, in economics or politics could be illuminated only by a scientific examination of "what was" and not of "what should have been." Science was their gospel, their pole of objectivity, and they held to it as both the key to knowledge and the guide to action in the workaday world. Of that they had no doubt, even though in the end Beard concluded that written history was an "act of faith," that while history might remain objective, historians could not.

—*Blumenthal Bros.*

Morton G. White — an impressive treatment of an impressive fivesome.

Mr. White is well aware of his team's shortcomings and he takes pains to record their mental foibles. He has no patience with Holmes's well-known exaltation of the martial spirit; he is stern when Beard pulls a speculative boner, and he pretty well demolishes Dewey's conclusion that ethical values can be scientifically objective.

Nevertheless, on the final balance Mr. White sees much more to praise than condemn. He suggests that the ideas of his five are worth the attention of today, that on them can be constructed the intellectual basis of a modern liberal creed.

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Knotty Problems on the Pacific

CALIFORNIA: THE GREAT EXCEPTION. By Carey McWilliams. New York: A. A. Wyn. 377 pp. $4.

By Oscar Lewis

THE rest of the nation has been vaguely aware that some rather odd things have been happening in and to California during the past decade, but it was not until Carey McWilliams cast his discerning eye over the scene that the confused picture was brought into focus and its details sharply revealed. It is a job that less capably done might have resulted only in further muddying the waters, but McWilliams is an old hand at untangling the more complex phases of California's political, social, and economic ills and, as usual, he has succeeded admirably.

As his subtitle makes clear, the author has a theory that the course of events in California follows a pattern that is not only radically different from that of other sections of the country but is frequently its direct opposite. More, he assembles a great deal of evidence designed to prove his thesis, and, never one to pass up a pertinent statistic, he sprinkles his text with a profusion of figures drawn from a wide variety of official and semi-official sources, with heavy emphasis on successive reports of the Census Bureau. This, too, is as it should be, for most of the recent upheavals in California's economy and virtually all her troubles stem directly from her skyrocketing population.

The rate at which natives of other parts of the Union have been streaming across California's borders—population increased more than 45 per cent during the first seven years of the present decade and the rush is still on—has posed knotty problems in housing, in transportation, in utilities, schools, prisons, and a dozen other fields, problems that nearly every resident has learned about from an abundance of first-hand experience. Thus, though most aspects of the situation have long been painfully evident to the generality of the citizens, it has remained for Carey McWilliams to fit the parts together and so present the all-over picture.

The impact of this mighty influx on social, economic, and political life within the state is the core of the book, and the author's approach is thorough, lucid, and, on the whole, objective. There is, however, one exception to this, and the reason why McWilliams temporarily abandons his role of impartial reporter and takes up with enthusiasm a frankly partisan viewpoint is clear enough to those familiar with the background of the controversy. For, from 1939 to 1943, the author was commissioner of Immigration and Housing under California's Governor Culbert L. Olson, and during his entire term in office he waged violent war with land-owners of the interior valleys, whom he held mainly responsible for the deplorable plight of the migrant farm laborers. In the present work he cannot refrain from returning to the fray with a new onslaught on his favorite target of old, the Associated Farmers.

But this attack, whether deserved or not (and there are weighty arguments on both sides), is by no means the least lively and interesting part of the volume. Besides, any book dealing with present-day California that failed to provoke a heated argument or two would not be worth its salt, and "California: The Great Exception" definitely avoids falling into that category.

U. S. A. Notes

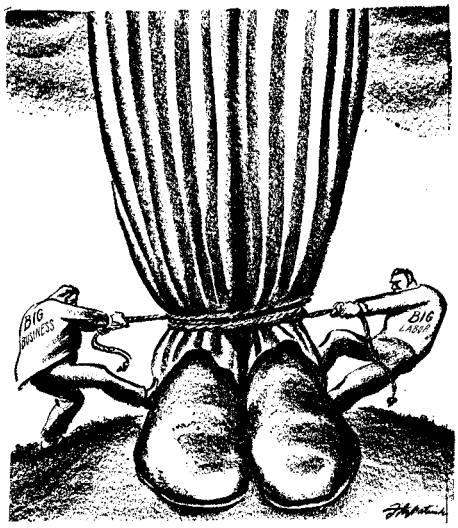
THE LABOR STORY, by Aleine Austin. Coward-McCann. $2.50. In this compact volume the author has done a creditable job of sketching the rise of American labor from an outlawed status to one of toleration and then at last since the Wagner Act into the limelight of full-fledged rights and great power in our democratic society. This rise has passed through many forms: organization on industrial and craft lines characteristic of the CIO and AFL; the revolutionary, direct-action IWW; the amorphous reformist, one-labor-union Knights of Labor, and, before that, many forms of association both on a local and national level along economic and political lines.

Miss Austin has shown fine insight in relating the turbulence and violence of labor's struggle for a place in the sun to the significant social forces that have swept over our land. If her easy-to-read little volume recalls at times the fervid, lyrical, folksy, quasi-spiritual tones of union songs sung at union meetings, she comes by it naturally as a former factor worker, CIO journalist, researcher, and educator.

It is well that the mass of the people should have accessible to them a volume which focuses their attention on labor's part in the struggle to realize the American dream of a freer, more abundant, and more secure life.

—Joseph Rosenfarb.

POLITICS HAS NO MORALS, by Norman Beasley. Scribner's. $3. A strong believer in religion, the family, and honest work, Mr. Beasley says he



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"How long, Uncle Big?"

dislikes politics, politicians, and political measures to achieve any goal. The most ardent detester of the "political method" will find it difficult, in our age, to offer any program that is really "nonpolitical."

The essence of collectivism, says Mr. Beasley, is "political control over the earnings and freedoms of the people." Such control is immoral and the author opposes it. The present social-security system, for example, is to Mr. Beasley "the greatest fraud ever perpetrated upon the American people"; also, he seems to oppose the income tax on principle. But then, in showing how reactionary labor leaders often are, he seems to favor such political, collectivistic measures as workmen's compensation, abolition of child labor, old-age pensions, retirement plans, and laws fixing minimum wages and maximum hours.

Just as he dislikes politicians, so Mr. Beasley likes the businessman, the real creator. "To operate in our way of capitalism," he says, "is to operate in the way of morals." Taking the broad view, he admits that businessmen have sometimes done bad things, but all that is in the past. The evil that the labor leaders do, however, is always with us. But again Mr. Beasley is a fickle advocate, for, despite his praise of businessmen and his claim that collectivism is the apotheosis of the political method, we also find him making this odd statement: "Businessmen, more than politicians, are to blame for the collectivism in our midst."

What does Mr. Beasley think we ought to do to get ourselves out of the mess we're in? He favors a return to law and justice, which, simply enough, will light things sufficiently for us to see the moral principles we need to guide us. More specifically, he suggests that we (1) require all persons who fill public office to file a public financial statement before and after their tenure, (2) provide our youth

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with "something constructive to do" and with "adequate places to play, close to home and in the evening," (3) "clean up the courts," and (4) "place severer restriction on all foreign-born, both as to occupancy of public office and as to the privilege of voting." Since he is a lover of the Constitution, Mr. Beasley ought to know that his last suggestion violates it and the intention of the Founding Fathers. —MORROE BERGER.

FARMER VICTORIOUS, by William J. Hale. Coward-McCann. $3. To any student of American economics, Hale is a latter-day John the Baptist crying a new order of farm and factory production in the Government-subsidy wilderness. Here he applied organic chemistry, sea-water, photosynthesis, geopolitics, and some fine Old Testament fervor against money-lenders to our current system of raw-materials production. Inevitably, he comes up with a new world order that smashes the "world starvation" thesis of the Neo-Malthusian into so much unusable lignin.

Dr. Hale's textbookish recitation of the history of money-lenders bogs down the first 100 pages of his book and almost obliterates the point of his title. Once past this point, however, he performs a sound, if polysyllabic, autopsy on the contemporary system of agricultural and mineral production. In agreement with Charles F. Kettering and leading chemists, he enumerates the chemical properties of annual crops, points to the industrial potentials in chlorophyll and sea-

(*Continued on page* 27)

Fiction.

Although most of this week's helping of new fiction comes from well-experienced hands and reveals the technical competence that one would expect, none of it achieves high distinction. David Duncan, turning the skill he developed in manufacturing suspense yarns to the well-worn theme of capital vs. labor in "The Serpent's Egg," writes a thoroughly credible and engaging story. David Westheimer, whose "Summer on the Water" won critical plaudits a year ago, looks at adults' problems through a child's eyes in a poignant novella, "The Magic Fallacy." Nancy Wilson Ross, who dealt with a familiar feminine situation in "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer," devotes her attention to problems more masculine in "I, My Ancestor." William Saroyan, the aging boy wonder, offers a handful of wheat in a barrelful of chaff in "The Assyrian and Other Stories."

Saroyan with Trumpet & Tremolo

THE ASSYRIAN AND OTHER STORIES. By William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 276 pp. $3.50.

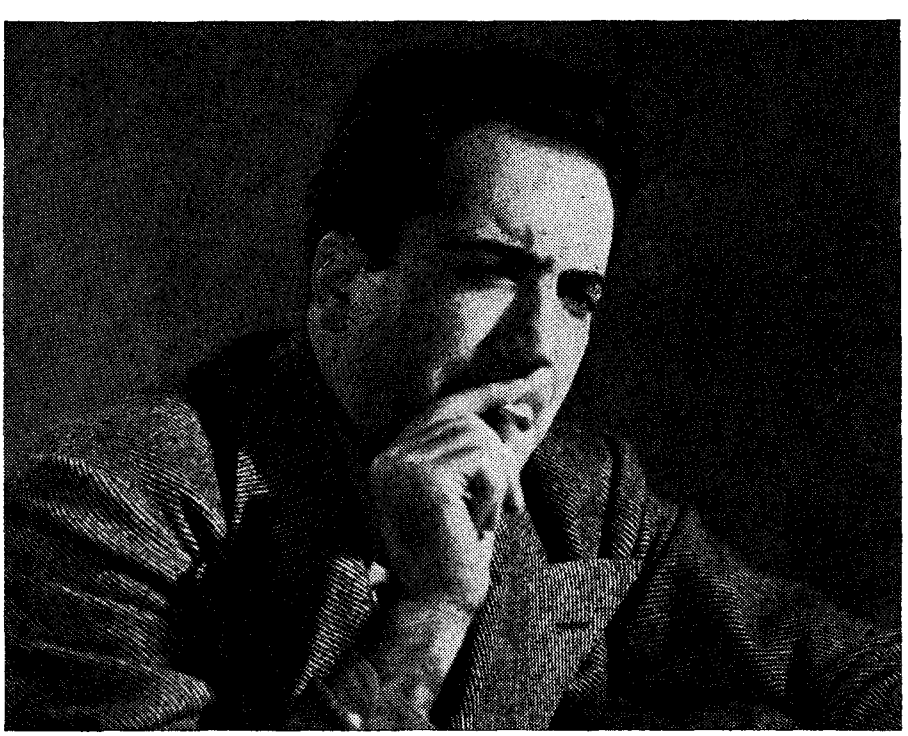
By WILLIAM PEDEN

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S contribution to the American short story is a considerable one indeed. He brought to the American literary scene freshness of vision, simplicity, spontaneity, and gaiety. He possessed a sympathetic understanding of little people, a distinctly personal literary style, and a contagious sense of humor. He exerted a beneficial influence against the pretentious, the overwritten, the too-fancily-plotted short story. Like Mark Twain, he opened the windows and aired the room at a time when fresh air was badly needed.

Saroyan at his least successful, however, can be very, very inadequate, and his newest collection of short stories is one about which even his most ardent admirers are likely to be quite unhappy. It seems safe to venture that most of these pieces would never have seen print had their author been Joe Doakes rather than William Saroyan. Most of these short stories, to put the matter simply, are not very good.

"The Assyrian" is a long piece of work, almost a novelette, about a famous American writer of Assyrian descent who at fifty is washed up, dying on his feet, confronted and terrified by loneliness, torn by the conflicting demands of a Dickensian sentimentality and a bleak cynicism. "The Assyrian" attempts to analyze the problem of the artist as a man of good will in a world he never made or is incapable of understanding. It tries to bridge the uncrossable gap separating the protagonist's concept of what life ought to be and the way his life has been lived. This is a big theme, of course, one with which the intellectual has wrestled for centuries. As Saroyan says in his introduction, "The Assyrian" is the one story in the collection which really takes a chance, the story Saroyan needed most to write. But it is too diffused, too episodic, too much enmired in talk to be successful as a short story. It is, however, deserving of respect.

Unfortunately, the same thing cannot be said of most of the others. Two or three stories, specifically "The Parsley Garden" and "The Theological Student," show flashes of Saroy-



—*Henry Flannery.*

William Saroyan—"He opened the windows and aired the room."

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an's insight and narrative deftness. They tend, however, to be dwarfed by items such as "The Third Day After Christmas," a tale of a warmhearted barkeep and a homeless waif, which are characterized by a boozy sentimentality far removed from genuine emotion. Others, like "The Poet at Home," tend to be unpleasantly cute, cute to the point of erecting a very high wall between the story and all but the most pixieish reader.

This collection includes an essay on writing which is more interesting than most of the fiction it introduces. "The Writer on the Writing" is primarily an engaging account of how and when some of the stories came to be written, of how much money they made or failed to make. More important are Saroyan's remarks on writing as an art which can be gladly, happily achieved and still be good art, or his belief in the necessity for writing and the importance of the artist in society. At times sincere and modest, at times flippant and arrogant, this essay encourages one to believe that Saroyan, unlike the Assyrian, is very far from finished, has not really "had it," after all.

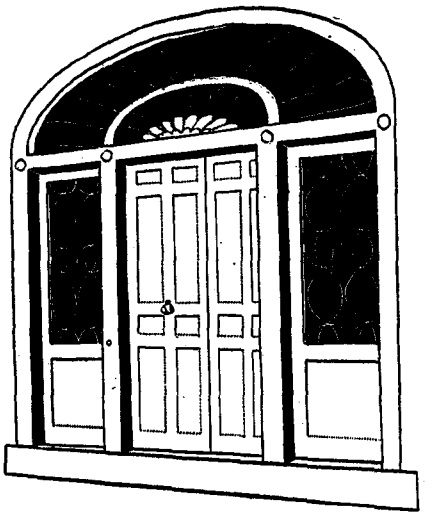
Upstate Gentility

THE SQUARE. By Haidee Terrill. New York: The Macmillan Co. 302 pp. $3.50.

By Elizabeth Janeway

THIS pleasantly unpretentious novel is laid in the upstate New York of Camirus, related, one may surmise, to Mrs. Terrill's native Cazenovia. It is Lucee Landry's ancestral home, but she has been exiled from it by her mother, whose determination has moved her family from static Camirus to the dynamic West. But to Lucee, as to all exiles, Camirus has an unearthly charm; her dream —a dream made precise and concrete by the stories her father has told her —is to return to Camirus to live with her relatives the enchanted life of the big house on the Square. And at seventeen she does.

How much of Lucee's dream came true? A great deal. It is Lucee who captures the beau of this provincial high society and marries him under the nose of Annette, the reigning beauty. It is Lucee who is chosen by



fascinating Candace to be her "best friend." It is Lucee who, after her marriage, becomes the conscience and the spirit of the tradition of the Square.

But how much of Lucee's dream was worth making come true? For if the tradition of the Square is one of taste and manners and obligation and duty, how much on the other hand is galling frustration? What secrets hide behind the Square's elegant façade? Uncle Herbert's near-bankruptcy, which no one can discuss, much less deal with sensibly; Mrs. Coates's solitary madness, shut in her great house, and, finally, Candace's tragedy, which is less the midsummer madness of her love affair, less, even, the illegitimate son she bears, and, most, her decision to live out her life on the Square hidden in one of the great mansions as the symbol of the laws she has broken.

Yet, Mrs. Terrill insists, the laws still have some validity. They are better, at any rate, than the complete lack of discipline which overtakes Lucee's daughters. And when, at last, these daughters find their own standards and make their own discipline it is in some sense a triumph for Lucee and for the Square and even for Candace, who, after all, chose of her own free will to be a sacrifice.

Mrs. Terrill's point is interesting; her book is readable. There is, however, a kind of mist between her characters and the reader. It is as if Mrs. Terrill had insisted on using water-colors for a picture better done in oils. In avoiding the faults of overwriting and over-dramatization, she has gone a bit too far in the other direction and failed of complete conviction. Now, restraint is a better fault than its lack, but it can make a book seem slighter than it really is. Mrs. Terrill's real talent can carry a firmer and more thorough treatment of her characters and their emotions than she has given us here. Perhaps in her next book it will.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MENU FOR TODAY

Alice G. Keane, of Cincinnati, asks you to order your meals for today by filling in the blanks in the quotations below. A score of eighty or better makes you a gourmand, seventy will probably give you a balanced diet, sixty gives the minimum in calories, and if you're below that you'll be mighty hungry! Answers on page 40.

Breakfast

1. The ..... flower perfumes the bower, the breeze is on the sea.
2. Spare your breath to cool your .....
3. ..... could as easily have created the planets as he could have written "Hamlet."
4. And gather ..... all the day from every opening flower.
5. Let the ..... pass, drink to the lass.
6. ..... , which makes the politician wise,
   And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

Lunch

7. Having looked to Government for ..... , at the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.
8. Thought the moon was made of green .....
9. Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul
   And plunge his fingers in the ..... bowl.
10. Then to the spicy nut brown .....

Dinner

11. 'Twas ..... to the general.
12. To the Dolphin, and did eat a barrel of ..... and two .....
13. ..... of the evening, beautiful .....
14. What cat's averse to .....?
15. As cold as .....
16. Oh, the .... of England!
17. "Papa, ... , ... , ... , and prisms, all very good words for the lips."
18. Life's a ..... full of plums.
19. Drink no longer water, but use a little ..... for the stomach's sake.
20. For thy sake, ... , I
    Would do anything but die.

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A Man's Selfhood

I, MY ANCESTOR. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Random House. 393 pp. $3.50.

By Walter Havighurst

"THE ego is a continent—a dark continent, unexplored, terrifying, large, beautiful." This is the statement of a psychologist in "I, My Ancestor," and it becomes the underlying theme of the novel. Miss Ross explores the ego of a modern man—or sets him upon the journey of self-exploration. It proves to be an arduous, painful, sometimes perilous journey, but in the end it is a redeeming one.

Philip Stewart is Eastern picture editor for Suprema Films, and by outward appearance his life is fortunate and successful. But his wife knows that he has gone empty and she has already separated herself from him. When, after an encounter with a hold-up man in his New York apartment, Philip is taken to the hospital with concussion of the brain, he can no longer avoid self-appraisal. Through a kaleidoscopic blur of past and present he tries to discover his true self. In all his relationships—with his wife, his daughter, the New England aunt and uncle with whom he was reared—he can find no uncorrupted lane of memory. But a psychologist leads him back to his early boyhood in a sawmill town on Puget Sound and to the father he has not seen for years.

America, like the ego, is a continent, and Miss Ross finds significance in the fact that while New England has a long past, history came but recently to the far Pacific slope. To go to his father, Philip leaves the hectic life of New York for an island 3,000 miles away, washed by the tides of Puget Sound. Still burdened by secret apprehensions, he arrives in this solitude and finds his father, a former labor agitator and now a philosophic hermit. Near him live a gifted painter and an intense woman archeologist.

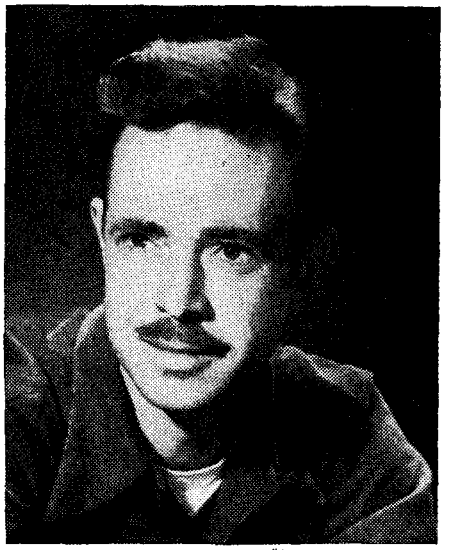
For Philip Stewart this is a place and a time of regeneration. The rediscovery of his father is accompanied by a rediscovery of nature, and soon he begins to see the powerful primitivism of the Indian mysteries, which still linger in the Northwest wilderness. "Every man is entitled to his forty days in the wilderness," his father says, and Philip has some wandering to do even amid the peace of the island. After new storms of emotion he finds an assurance which sends him hopefully back to his former life.

There is an unusual range of knowledge in this novel—from psychoanalysis to archeology—and a sustained intensity of search. It gives a reader a fresh awareness of the modern dilemma and of the deep insistence of immaterial human needs. One thing Miss Ross accomplishes superbly—the contrast of fevered metropolitan life with the slow making of the tide, the ancient Indian lore and the deliberate natural cycles of her island. It is easy to believe Philip Stewart found a new world there. But it is not so easy to believe that he became a new man.

The business executive who had suffered because he had never found a home still remains bereft as he returns to his metropolitan life. On the island he has seen three examples of selfhood, but in each case the selfhood was accomplished by the discovery of personal expression. What is missing in Philip Stewart is a belief in the importance of his effort—and that has not been supplied. He goes back a wiser man, but still a sad one and still precarious.

—Dorothy Wilding.

Nancy Wilson Ross—"awareness of the modern dilemma."



—Monterey Studio.

David Duncan—"without carrying a torch for either side."

Union Grievance

THE SERPENT'S EGG. By David Duncan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 243 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

ALTHOUGH the relations between labor unions and capital have become one of the major themes for discussion throughout the country, there are astonishingly few labor novels that are worth reading. In this field Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle" stands out like a lighthouse. Even as fluent a writer as Sinclair Lewis failed to carry out an attempt to turn the life of Eugene Debs into fiction. On its lowest level the labor novel has involved a fiery young union leader simultaneously involved in a bloody strike and a love affair with the boss's daughter.

It is a pleasure to be able to write that in David Duncan's latest book he has succeeded where so many have failed. "The Serpent's Egg" has none of the old clichés. There is nothing heroic about the main character and the author does not carry a torch for either side. Jim Kennington isn't even a union man. He is an eminent and fair-minded arbitrator used by the Government and by management and labor to settle threatened strikes under wartime rules. All this is told without dramatics by a novelist who knows what he is talking about and who has the sense to let his characters by their words and deeds act out the story.

The ten or twelve men and women who are his principals are all memorable individuals. There is a San Francisco bus driver, a hot-headed Irishman who is kept five hours' overtime without pay while he is waiting for his bus. His wife is even angrier than he is because they have missed a good party, so she insists on his taking it up with the union. Eventually Jim Kennington is called in to stop a strike that would eventually spread to all the subsidiaries of a great company, involving it in payments for overtime that might add up to a million or so a year.

Jim Kennington came up the hard way, working in a laundry while he studied law. A sound and judicious decision on his part would enhance his reputation and lead him to a coveted position in Washington. But this admirable and just man has two weaknesses: he is in love with a girl who is the wife of his best friend and he has the habit of analyzing his own life so shrewdly that he becomes his own worst enemy. For example, in his days of poverty he had lost a foot under the wheels of a freight car. Was

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it an unavoidable or a subconscious slip to keep him out of the war? His Ann knows almost as much about union disputes as he does and has become the legal counsel of the bus drivers' union. It says a great deal for Mr. Duncan's ability to create believable characters that this fortuitous circumstance seems perfectly natural to the reader, and that a female lawyer can be made to appear seductive and charming.

Mr. Duncan has so firmly established the illusion of reality by the time the book is ended that you would not be astonished to find one of his characters standing on his head. "The Serpent's Egg" is altogether a remarkable novel, and not the less so because the author's earlier books of mystery and suspense were well-written pot-boilers. A subject that might in other hands have been pretentious, involved, and dull is interesting and even fascinating as he has presented it. Readers who like intelligent and soundly written novels will do well to keep an eye on David Duncan.

The Bruising of a Boy's Feet

THE MAGIC FALLACY. By David Westheimer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 96 pp. $2.

By Evelyn Eaton

AS I READ David Westheimer's poignant novella, "The Magic Fallacy," I was reminded of a poem Robert Bridges wrote to his son, in which he speaks of "Lovely feet as yet unbruised / In the ways of dark desire." That is what this book is about, the bruising of a boy's feet, a boy's lost innocence seen through the eyes of another boy too young to understand.

Pershing Williams is rich and strong and fair and wonderful in the eyes of his younger friend Joe Albert, who loves him loyally. Joe Albert is one of the most human and attractive boys encountered in the recent heap of books on adolescence. But Pershing has a broken home, a grandmother who drinks, a father indifferent to everything but business and his craving for a flashy, skin-deep beauty. Pershing's mother is driven to elope, and Pershing acquires a new stepmother, Rosella. Rosella is luscious and crafty and evil and young and irresistible.

Pershing hasn't a chance. His feet are bruised before he knows it and when he knows it and tries to escape there is no one to help or to understand. He asks to be sent to a military school. Rosella manages to make his father see no need of it. He tries to revive an interest in a girl he was dating before Rosella came. He tries —but he is already lost "as a girdled pine or a plucked flower." He has no God to call upon.

He has Joe Albert. Joe is with him constantly. Joe is imaginative and loves him, but Joe is still wrapped in the magic fallacy, "the magnificent delusion of youth that nothing in life is ugly." He does not understand that he is watching the death struggle of his friend. "Why such beauty to be blighted / By the swarm of foul destruction?" Bridges asks in his poem, lamenting that he has not been able to protect his son, has not "armed him for his lonely striving." Joe does not grasp until years later that Pershing had been crying out to him for understanding and support. "He lay on his back and talked to the stars and me of his guilt and his agony in words which I understood no better than those same stars hanging so close and so remote above us."

The ending is inevitable. The inevitability of the things that happen, the rightness of the people they happen to, are part of David Westheimer's equipment as an authentic writer who knows how to handle his tools with economy. He has insight and compassion. I believe we have in this young veteran one of those new torchbearers running up the hill for which we have been waiting since the war.

—From "The Liberation of Manhattan."

Fiction Notes

GOLDEN VALLEY, by Frances Gragg and George Palmer Putnam. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Who can know better than present-day New Yorkers the high premium placed on water? Assuredly, any struggle in its name is worth a commiserating attention. Miss Gragg, ably aided by the late Mr. Putnam, tells of tension in the high California valleys as growing and parched Los Angeles attempts to control the local waterways. The attempt proves vain but not before vast sums of money have passed hands, bribery has been repulsed, big interests thwarted, and one splendid life lost in the cause of the minority. A rapid-fire romance throbs along as part and parcel of the controversy.

Narrated by an aged pioneer grandmother, proclaiming that right exists only in the hinterlands, this fictionized hymn to the Western hills can still claim a certain color and authenticity. A staunch segment of lore far beyond the wide Missouri.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

THE LIBERATION OF MANHATTAN, by Edmund Demaitre and Mark J. Appleman. Doubleday. $2.75. This is a mildly amusing satire, with fantasy rather than realism as its basis. A Russian task force swoops down on New York to liberate its citizens from the awful capitalist tyranny. The "oppressed peoples of Manhattan" are a bit astonished, to be sure, but take the invasion in their stride. The uniformed Ivans do not know what to make of it. Can't New Yorkers take a serious matter seriously? They won't even fight, which makes the bemedaled General Filenko Hannibalov, who has been dreaming of glory, fume at the mouth. The correspondent of *Red Pitchfork* who presumably is the author of this book, writing in the first person, is mystified as much as anyone. The American journalists receive him with open arms and in a pally way treat him to drinks, while trying to get the low-down on the exciting event of the day.

There is inevitable confusion among the cynical natives because of such things as Stalin Avenue (once Fifth Avenue), Stalin Street, Stalin Square, and Kukulavtyk Memorial (formerly the Empire State Building). Gum chewing is prohibited, and the supply of gum confiscated, whence springs up the profitable business of gum-legging.

In the end the disheartened Soviet General goes to a psychoanalyst, who happens to be a pretty young lady, with whom the correspondent falls in love. It goes almost without saying that the Russians are converted to the

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American way of life, to the accompaniment of gags and wisecracks. Amusing black and white sketches by Paul Galdone add to the reader's entertainment. —JOHN COURNOS.

NEVER DIES THE DREAM, by Margaret Landon. Doubleday. $2.75. This is the story of India Severn, head of Jasmine Hall, who had lived in Bangkok twenty-five years, ever since she left her native Chicago. Financially and socially, Jasmine Hall was a stepchild of the Mission Board. For one thing, its students came from homes of middle- and lower-class Siamese families. For another, India gave shelter and care to all sorts of waifs and strays in distress. She submerged herself in the tangled lives of her Siamese protegees. She was a Good Samaritan and a bad politician.

But this is the story, too, of Grace Rutherford, a politician versed in "the social aspects of Christianity." Grace, principal of Wattana Academy, "concentrated on the better type of girl," Rutherfordese for daughters of upper-class Siamese families. Grace warned that the depression-cramped Mission Board would take appropriate action if India persisted in "casting pearls before swine" and "running a hostel for fallen women." Included in one or other of these categories were two extra-curricular residents of Jasmine Hall, both maladjusted daughters of marriages between Siamese and Westerners.

Grace's mounting disapproval changed to vicious enmity when India's charity sought out tragic young Angela Suksamran, American widow of a Siamese prince. She used her influence to have Jasmine Hall closed and India reduced to a humiliating status in the Mission colony. On the spiritual plane, Grace, in destroying India's material world, destroyed herself.

"Never Dies the Dream" can hardly escape unfair comparison with Miss Landon's earlier "Anna and the King of Siam." India Severn is, in effect, an Anna without a King. And yet, lacking any such engaging focal personality as Anna's royal pupil, "Never Dies the Dream" is as rich as its predecessor in magnificence of color and interplay of racial minds, richer even in the everyday drama of human relationships and psychological conflict. —ANN F. WOLFE.

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR, of Theatre Arts Books, deserves thanks for having restored to circulation "Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence," edited with necessary notes by Christopher St. John ($5). He deserves thanks because this is one of the most fascinating collections of letters ever published, one that may well prove as enduring as the correspondence of Walpole and Madame Du Deffand, which has been described by Lytton Strachey as that of a monkey and a cat. There is quite a bit of monkey in Shaw, too, but no cat in Miss Terry.

It is hardly possible to like Shaw well while reading his letters, and it is certainly impossible not to love Ellen Terry while reading hers. Two remarkable characters emerge with perfect clarity from this interchange, each a self-portrait drawn by the writer. On one side—at least at the height of the correspondence, from 1896 to Shaw's marriage — is an extraordinarily clever, vain, male flirt, delighted with his own intellectual exhibitionism and determined to toy with a lady's affections by post, while steadfastly refusing to meet her and pretending that it is she who is holding him at a distance. On the other side — throughout the correspondence — is a great-hearted and open-hearted woman who is ready to admire without limit and play the pupil to a superior master, while longing for love and understanding in return. On the one side is an intelligence that finds it hard to stop posing and posturing and maneuvering for victorious positions; on the other side is complete sincerity, without defenses, and a knowledge of life that goes deeper, perhaps, than intelligence alone can reach. On the one side is great warmth. On the other—much light but little heat.

Yet these two very different creatures were, for some three years, necessary and valuable to each other. Each turned to the other for release, comfort, encouragement, and pleasure; and if Shaw had a double share of pleasure—for he obviously loved his own letters no less than he loved Ellen's—there is still no doubt that she was a great gainer by the association. Unless I misread the evidence, she began to see through him very quickly and ended by seeing through him entirely. ("You know everything. You know nothing. You are a great man. You are 'a silly Ass.'") She failed to find in him the sincerity she sought and she must have discovered that he could be a bigger and more annoying "baby" than Irving. She must have been disgusted at times by his coyness. But she found enough in him to make her affection and loyalty unwavering, and if she saw through him it was no more than he did himself. The peerless critic was not fooled, even by GBS. He knew his weakness in relation to women and he stated it when he wrote: "It is not the small things that women miss in me, but the big things. My pockets are always full of the small change of love-making, but it is magic money, not real money." Imagine anyone but Shaw being able to palm off this kind of "magic"—or counterfeit—money on Ellen Terry! But he did it, thereby scoring not the least of Shavian triumphs. And in the process, I think, she made a better man, more of a man, than he had been when he first sat down to write to her. She, too, had her triumphs, off-stage as well as on.

Another new edition given us by Theatre Arts is "Stages of the World: A Pictorial Survey of the Theatre" ($4.75), revised and enlarged, with an introduction by Aline Bernstein. The survey, consisting of 110 plates with explanatory notes, depicts the development of stages and scenic art from the days of the theatre of Dionysus at Athens down to "Death of a Salesman" and the work of Jo Mielziner and his contemporaries. This is an attractive, informative volume, two-thirds of which is devoted to the modern stage, with its increasingly imaginative designers who have come close to proving Miss Bernstein's proposition: "A stage may be limited in space, but there is no limit to what a designer can make an audience believe is there."

Eric Partridge's "Dictionary of Effective Speech" (Grosset, $1.49) is a valuable guide to correct speech and writing which deserves shelf space beside Fowler's famous "Modern English Usage." —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Pearls of Publishing

Deserving Books of 1949: Part V

ALL THE returns are now in from *SRL*'s poll of publishers to uncover deserving but neglected books published in 1949. The final tabulation shows that an even dozen works have been named by more than one publisher:

"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner's), five votes.

"Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt), three votes.

"The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel (Pantheon), three votes.

"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty (Harcourt), two votes.

"Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith (Farrar, Straus), two votes.

"The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White (Harper), two votes.

"Napoleon: For and Against," by Pieter Geyl (Yale), two votes.

"North African Prelude," by Galbraith Welch (Morrow), two votes.

"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane), two votes.

"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Knopf), two votes.

For the record, late last year *SRL* invited leading publishers to nominate two deserving but insufficiently appreciated books issued during 1949—one published by their own house, one by another firm. They need not have been "flops." They might have received excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed for some reason to achieve the public response they merited. Replies were received from seventy-five publishers, who nominated a total of 116 books. These we have been publishing serially [*SRL* Nov. 19, 26, Dec. 17, Jan. 7].

In the final group of nominations, printed below, the phrase "published by us" is used to indicate the house with which the person making the nominations is associated.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Published by us: "The King Nobody Wanted," by Norman F. Langford, is a vivid narrative, in which the characters of the Gospel story are as alive as your next-door neighbor. Careful scholarship has produced an almost perfect paraphrase of the Biblical accounts of the life and teachings of Jesus. The fine artistry of John Lear, a new color process that gives a velvety depth to the pictures, and detailed research lend the illustrations real distinction. Written for older children, this book can hold the interest of any age, with its age-old story.

Published by the Beacon Press: In "The Reconstruction of Humanity" Pitirim A. Sorokin again performed a great service for free people. He destroyed our faith in Mammon and our hope of an easy return to a high material standard of living. He confronted the false leaders of the people with their failures and the failures of their policies as revealed by the hard facts of sociology and history. He went beyond the symptoms to a diagnosis of the disease as a sickness of the affections—we love Mammon. He is too honest and too great a scientist to deal with palliatives. There is only one cure: a basic reconstruction of humanity on an ideational (spiritual) faith. The neglect of this book proves its thesis, that this is a materialistic age. A continuation in this neglect will presage the destruction of our age.

JAMES M. SCHUCK,
WESTMINSTER PRESS.

Published by us: "Elmtown's Youth," by A. G. Hollingshead, released in May, was widely reviewed in all types of newspapers, serious journals, church magazines, and on the radio. The book, based on a study made in a typical, small Midwestern town, shows the effect of America's class system on our youth. The picture is not pretty and demonstrates convincingly that the social position of the adolescent's family affects his behavior in school, on the job, in the church, and in his social life.

The book breaks down the notion that democracy actually exists in practice. It serves to point up the necessity of improvement in our American system to eliminate undemocratic class barriers. Certainly this is a subject of vital importance to parents, educators, clergymen, social workers, and employers. Yet the book, despite the fact that it is well-written and authoritative, is only now in a second small printing. It seems to me that a book of this type merits a sale of at least 25,000 copies. Remember "Middletown"?

E. P. HAMILTON,
JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.

Published by us: We feel that "Three Novels," by Karel Capek, should have won wider recognition because its lofty concept of good and evil proceeds from the lives of intense and pathetic human beings and because it is a product of the best thought and feeling of all times, exquisite in narrative form and pregnant in meanings.

ELIZABETH PHINNEY,
A. A. WYN, INC.

Published by us: "The Land of Italy," by Jasper More, is the first guidebook to Italy published in ten years, or so we are told by a customer who found

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no adequate book except this one. We did not sell the book as a guidebook, but, in view of Holy Year, we felt that the book would fill a great need since it contains an account of Italy's history, architecture, and cultural developments since the Renaissance. A few excellent reviews in national media plus a strong push by booksellers plus a devaluation price of $3.95 (from $5.50) all helped the sales of this book. We select this book because we think enough people still do not know of its existence, and it is generally impossible to get review space even a week or so *after* publication on any book.

L. A. AUDRAIN,
B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.

Published by us: "The Barriers Between," by Marc Brandel, is a novel in which the conflicts in the protagonist's mind are played out not through a stream of consciousness but in terms of action. Specifically, it is the story of an American in Mexico who becomes involved in what is believed to be a murder.

GEORGE W. JOEL,
DIAL PRESS, INC.

Published by us: "Sixteen Self Sketches," by Bernard Shaw, contains about the only autobiographical material we will ever have from Shaw. Wise, witty, and self-revealing, it should find a wide audience. It has had a good sale, but a much larger reading public will eventually find it.

HOWARD LEWIS,
DODD, MEAD & CO.

Published by us: "Story Without End: An Informal History of the Jewish People," by Solomon Landman and Benjamin Efron, is a clear, concise history of the Jewish people from their early nomadic beginnings to the present time. It is eminently readable and succeeds in avoiding the abyss between lengthy scholarly treatises and superficial popularizations.

GLENN GOSLING,
HENRY HOLT & CO.

Published by us: We polled booksellers on the disappointing sales of "Prepare Them for Caesar," by Mary Louise Mabie, and the consensus was that people are reluctant to read about Caesar, whose name is still covered with the dust of the classroom. We thought Miss Mabie removed this dust but, despite very enthusiastic reviews—including the front pages of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—and considerable advertising, the book failed to sell up to expectations.

ARTHUR H. THORNHILL,
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Published by us: "The Pageant of India's History," Vol. 1, by G. E. Sen, a fascinating book on a neglected subject, sold well, but in view of the West's ignorance of Asia in general and of India in particular, it has not reached the wide public to which it should be most useful. It is the product of years of study by one who not only knows a great deal about India's history but who also knows India. It contributes substantially to a wider understanding of India's great past and its newly significant present. It is now reprinting.

EDWARD E. MILLS,
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Published by us: "What Is Literature?," by Jean-Paul Sartre, was widely and favorably reviewed; however it failed miserably as far as sales are concerned. Is it that Sartre's reputation is slipping in the United States? Sartre, himself, considers this his most important book.

ROSE MORSE,
PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

Published by us: Although we have done two printings of "Oil! Titan of the Southwest," by Carl Coke Rister, and it has had excellent sales and received wide attention in the Southwest, it has been largely ignored in other parts of the country, especially in the East, which should be concerned since much of the oil needed for its transportation and other industries comes from the Southwest. The book is more than the history of the development of the industry; it is an appraisal of the prime resource of an industrial civilization.

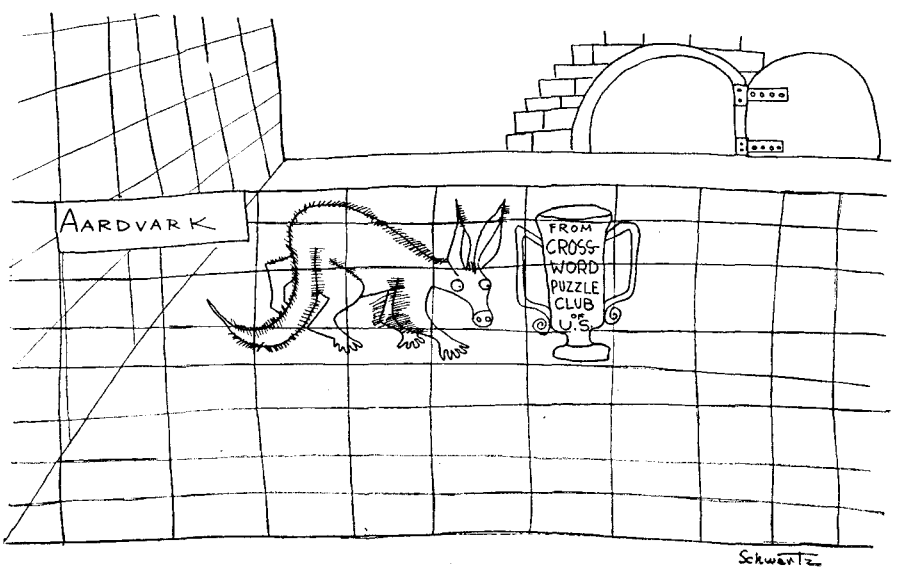
Published by the University of North Carolina Press: "Arabian Oil," by Raymond F. Mikesell and Hollis B. Chenery, is an excellent book on a subject in which all Americans should be interested, since some of the greatest known oil reserves in the world are in the Near East and oil is a vital factor in our modern civilization. I have no way of knowing just how well the book has sold and the only way I can judge how well it has been reviewed is from a small group of nationally circulated media—*The Saturday Review, The New York Times Book Review*, and the *Herald Tribune Books*—where it has been reviewed, sometimes in conjunction with our own "Oil! Titan of the Southwest." I do know, however, that—apparently in contrast to our publication—it has not been widely available in bookstores in this part of the country, and I feel that Southwesterners should be as vitally concerned with the problems of oil in Arabia as in their own area.

MARY E. STITH,
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS.

Published by us: "On Power: Its Nature and the History of Its Growth," by Bertrand de Jouvenel, is a study of the state from the point of view of the power it wields. The ramifications are necessarily broad, for the origins and nature of power come under review. Illuminating ideas, brilliant statement, and food for thought for such as accept careless definitions of democracy, liberty, aristocracy.

Published by William Morrow & Co.: "North African Prelude," by Galbraith Welch, entertains while it instructs. It draws on the scholarship of the ages and is improved by the author's personal acquaintance with the terrain. It does not aim to be the final word on the history, anthropology, and ethnology of Northern Africa, but it provides a wealth of information studded with appropriate anecdotes (some of them rather tall!), and it is written with wit and sprightliness that will make the long winter nights seem short.

B. W. HUEBSCH,
VIKING PRESS.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Free Ride: Part III

FOR the past two weeks this space has been concerned with the effect on people abroad of the average Hollywood motion picture. We contended that an impression was being created of America as a nation consisting largely of quick killers and quick kissers, with a collective intelligence at ceiling zero and practically no contact with civilized values.

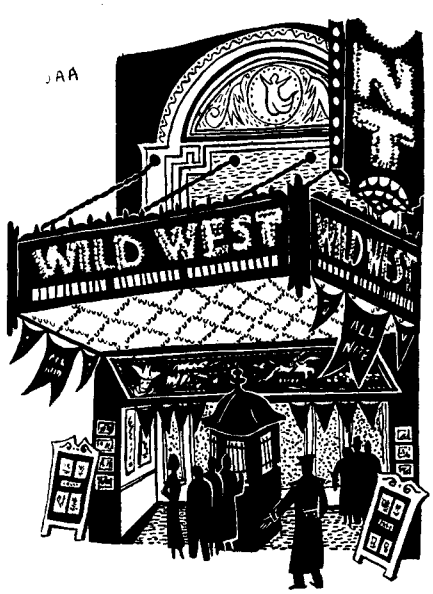
It was pointed out that movies of this type when shown in the United States come well within the margin of error to which entertainment in a democracy is entitled. It is like making faces at ourselves in a mirror; there is nothing particularly ennobling or edifying about the act, but at least the distortions are self-contained. The effect of Hollywood's distortions abroad, however, is something else again. For the American movie is the main source of information about Americans for most of the peoples of the world. As a result, the United States finds itself on an absurd treadmill: it is spending millions of dollars abroad to counteract Soviet propaganda against us, but much of the damage is being spun off our own movie reels.

We expressed the hope last week that Hollywood would supply the needed correctives itself, rather than court almost certain official action. In this connection we expressed the view that the solution was not a voluntary shutting down of Hollywood's overseas market but, rather, an enlarged sense of responsibility on a problem involving the public interest. In short, better films. Not sugar-coating or lavender-lacing, for that would probably do even more harm. Just an improved product that gets away from lazy and libelous stereotypes.

It is, of course, ridiculous to say that Hollywood has deliberately embarked on a campaign of defamation against the American people. As individuals, the leaders of the motion-picture industry can match their record of citizenship and public service with leaders of any other industry. As a group of executives, however, they have apparently failed to think the problem through. They have failed to make necessary distinctions between American and foreign markets. They have failed to recognize that what is merely good or bad entertainment at home becomes a projection of America abroad and therefore important public policy.

Any real soul-searching on this matter is bound to turn up other basic questions: Why the ugly stereotypes in the first place? Why the endless procession of Grade-B pictures of assembly-line monotony? Why the crying lack of imagination and good taste, which has robbed the screen of almost all magic and artistry?

So far, at least, Hollywood's stock reply is that the American people lack the intelligence and good taste to justify improved films. If the average mentality is that of a twelve-year-old, Hollywood contends, there is no point in shifting its emphasis away from the "kiss-kiss, bang-bang" formula. And this, it seems to us, is the heart of the matter. It is only natural, even inevitable, that Hollywood's conception of the average American as moviegoer should also serve as the conception of the average American as portrayed on the screen. If you operate on the assumption that motion pictures must be sold to a nation of dolts, it is natural that those pictures will feature people who play the part of dolts. A Hollywood producer who has a distorted view of what most Americans are like is being only grimly consistent when he dramatizes those same distortions before the camera.



UNTIL this myth of the twelve-year-old mentality is shattered it will be futile to expect better entertainment in American films or an end to the harmful misconceptions about America abroad—for the two have a common origin. How to go about shattering the myth? One place to start, perhaps, is with some facts about America that take into account the prodigious advances in popular education in the past twenty-five years. There is no correlation necessarily between higher education and intelligence or good taste, but surely some increase in the nation's intellectual maturity must be indicated by the fact that 65 per cent more Americans are college trained than in 1925. The phenomenal increase in attendance—reaching "mass" proportions—at concerts and art exhibitions must be more than a mere cultural fluke. The high sales figures of many serious books, such as Toynbee's "A Study of History," must have their origin in something deeper than a desire to collect literary furniture. The growth of the community forum, the increasing participation by parents in the formation of local education policy, the maturing effect of the war on millions of young men and women—all these fit into the pattern of an America far more advanced than it was only a quarter of a century ago. Certainly it is a far different America from the fictitious one in the minds of the Hollywood leaders who have been marking time since 1925. The mechanical and technical advances in motion pictures have been superb, but the overall policy and story material are just about where they were when sound was introduced.

In its defense, Hollywood claims it is searching desperately for better story material. It claims that there is a critical shortage of good scripts, that it is doing the best it can with whatever is available. This is a curious admission, it seems to us, of occupational failure. There is no real shortage of good ideas now, nor has there ever been. If Hollywood is suffering from idea-starvation, the fault lies in its own statute of limitations against stories of real caliber and distinction.

There is another important factor. Many of the decisions for the purchase of story material are made by executives who haven't time to read or who at least believe they haven't time to read. These decisions are usually

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made on the basis of a few dehydrated paragraphs in a summary. One shudders at the fate of many important books or ideas—whose very claim to greatness is in their developing and cumulative impact — when they are pounded into pulp on the single side of one sheet. But even if some sense of a story's quality can be thus briefly conveyed, the fact remains that the yardstick for deciding on it is marked by stock formulas and stereotypes.

Hollywood has been stewing in its own juices for a long time; it has developed a whopping case of self-righteousness about its methods and policies, and, though it is hyper-sensitive to criticism, it has been remarkedly adept at resisting change. In the coming showdown over foreign films, however, it may find itself forced to adjust its sights all along the line. In doing so, Hollywood may come to realize that no art can exist or justify itself without a basic respect for the integrity and intelligence of human beings. Once it develops this respect, the American motion picture will find that the great audience, in Whitman's phrase, is ready.

—N. C.

George Orwell

GEORGE ORWELL, who died last week, was principally known to Americans as the author of two books, "Animal Farm" and last year's "Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-Four." The first was a brilliant and amusing parody of the methods by which Soviet dictators come to power; the second was the most convincing indictment of the Russian Government that any novelist has given us to date, a prophecy and a satire so devastating and credible that many of its innumerable readers were able to bring into focus for the first time their bewilderment and resentment at the development of the Communist State. For these books George Orwell will be remembered and will be read for years to come and, fortunately, during the week of his death his publishers brought out three of his earlier works, "Burmese Days," "Down and Out in London and Paris," and "Coming Up for Air." Mr. Orwell came up the hard way; he was a tutor, a washer of dishes, and a bookshop clerk in his early days. His experiences in Burma brought him to an ardent hatred of imperialism, but when he fought in the Spanish revolution he joined the Anarchists instead of the Communists. He was imbued with a hatred of totalitarianism everywhere and his trenchant gifts as a satirist gave him the power to create it in others. His last book was written during his long illness as a consumptive; the knowledge that he had only a short time to live acted as a spur to his declining energies. George Orwell was one of the writers of our day whom we could least afford to lose.

—H. S.

Bookmarks

BOOK-HUNGER has rarely been more tellingly exemplified than in Jesse Stuart's "The Thread That Runs So True," an account of his early teaching experiences that should make any teacher rise up and cheer and demand double pay. Stuart operated a one-room high school in the Kentucky hills, where he had a hard time keeping up with his fourteen pupils. Outside of their textbooks they had virtually nothing to read. They wanted more. On a week-end trip home Stuart loaded a suitcase.

> I didn't know what kind of books to select for these pupils. There was an "age level of books" recommended for high-school freshmen, but I didn't know about it. I filled my suitcase with books I loved. I chose books by Tolstoy, Melville, Chekhov, Victor Hugo, De Maupassant, Balzac, Thomas Hardy, Sinclair Lewis, Emerson, Whittier, Hamlin Garland, Dreiser, Whitman, Poe, Edgar Lee Masters, Bret Harte, and Jack London.

A mixed bag. This traveling library weighed forty pounds. Stuart carried it eleven miles, and then got a lift. The pupils absorbed the lot, asked for more, and got it.

* * *

One picture may be worth a thousand words, but it takes words to say so.

* * *

The jacket of Rafael Sabatini's "The Gamester," his thirty-seventh romance, informs us: "He has never written an autobiographical novel of adolescence or followed any passing fad or fancy." The implications of this negative approach to what Mr. Sabatini *has* done are not too easy to follow, but one may hope that the ghosts of Charles Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Louisa May Alcott, Thomas Wolfe, and several others feel properly rebuked.

* * *

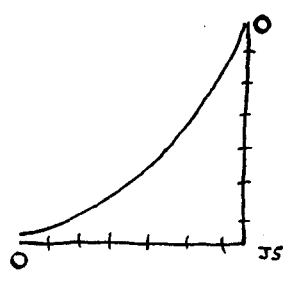
The characters in virtually every California - located mystery story throttle up and down highways at such appalling speed that one gets the idea the state must have a law requiring all cars to be equipped with governors designed to prevent them from doing under eighty.

* * *

If we were conducting a course in the literature of the drama, anywhere from pre-Shakespeare to post-Sartre, we should include Elmer Rice's "The Show Must Go On" in the order of business. Here is a manual of exactly what happens to a play from the time an author submits it to the moment—well, there's a story, too, so let's not spoil it. There have been novels about magazine editing, book publishing, literary agentry, and what not, but no one of them explains the technical operation of the machinery in such knowledgeable detail as does Mr. Rice in writing about the theatre. You can take the story out of "The Show Must Go On" and still have left an absorbing practical handbook about how the show gets on.

—J. T. W.

Atomic Age Fables



XXX: The Human Diagram

THERE was heaven . . . earth . . . and days later came man, making diagrams.

For ten years an almanac was behind time. For ten years a man entered the new census of the world into the aging almanac.

One day his superior discovered that the man had entered zeros in place of the census numbers. He immediately summoned the man before him and asked:

"Why have you entered these zeros? Your folly has lost ten years of our time and ten years of your life."

"The zeros are all lies," answered the man. "But they tell the truth for ten years of my life and ten years of your time. And as for that diagram of man—the census—zeros are better lies than numbers."

—J. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Saint as Reformer"

SIR: Understandably, everyone today wants to be "scientific," even religionists. But I think G. Bromley Oxnam takes the name of science in vain when he writes that Gandhi ["The Saint as Reformer," *SRL* Jan. 7] "was a saint who applied the scientific method in his search for the laws that govern in the realm of the spirit," and when he implies that Gandhi scientifically studied the spiritual life to discover God's will.

How can one study the transcendental and the non-empirical scientifically?

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR: I feel impelled to express to you my sincere gratitude and appreciation for the outstanding essay on Gandhi by G. B. Oxnam. This essay if read, assimilated, and acted upon by a mere 1 per cent of our population could well be the catalyst of a complete ethical and moral reform in America.

WALTER M. REINER.

Holdrege, Neb.

SIR: Upon reading your January 7 issue I find a strong thread of continuity among your feature article on Gandhi, your editorial by A. L., your review of "The God That Failed," and the personal by the cheerful lady who seeks correspondence on world federalism.

Aren't we all fear-ridden people (see A. L.) searching for a demanding, positive way of life and form of government which will elevate the dignity of man, in order to oppose its opposite—Communism, which threatens to engulf us? Can't *SRL* help to get them all together?

ELIZABETH H. MORRILL.

Windham Hill, Me.

Scale-Tipping Proof

SIR: Robert Root [LETTERS, *SRL* Jan. 7] wants proof that there is enough reader-weight demanding an adequate coverage of good news.

Here's proof that at least one ounce of this weight exists: a promissory note for a subscription to such a publication. I'm sure that many more pounds of American reading beef can be found to help tip the scales.

JERRY STEINMAN.

Bronx, N. Y.

"Prophecy for 1950"

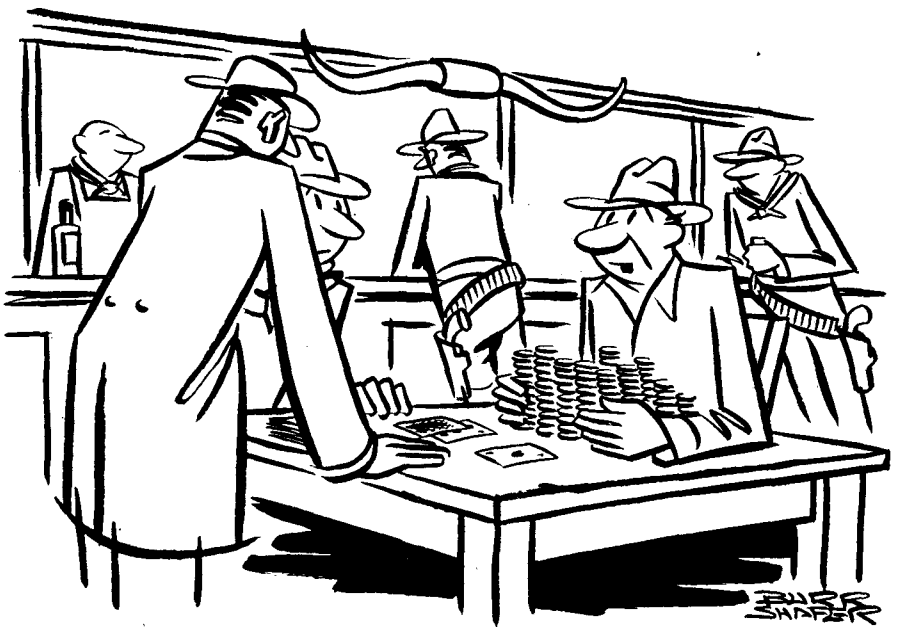
SIR: "Prophecy for 1950," by Harrison Smith [*SRL* Jan. 14], is a hopeful, endearing overtone soaring above the discord of human existence. How we wish Mr. Smith's prophecy may prove true! Faced with the uneasiness of life, the tense feeling of insecurity, the gloom and tragedies presented day by day in newspapers, can it be expected that writers will portray the amiable and pleasant modes of the past enjoyed by many of us, existing now only in the quiet disciplined minds and hearts of men like Mr. Smith?

Many of our writers, particularly the young ones, have never known peace and security or been happy in the old-fashioned way. A threat to their existence is ever present and stirs their minds to chaotic fantasy or brutal presentation of life as it claws into them. We older ones are saved from this miasma as we draw the gentle curtain of the past over the present.

Shocking plots, neurotics, insane asylums, perversion are not shocking to the unfortunates to whom these things are part of everyday life. No matter what they do or where they go they cannot escape these destructive elements. My prediction differs from that of Mr. Smith. Nineteen hundred and fifty, I feel, will produce more instead of less unpleasant books.

MAUDE BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You mean this was for *keeps*?"

Armory of the Human Mind

SIR: My delayed reaction to your editorial stand on modern literature will perhaps be overlooked in the effectiveness of my contribution, a broadside from Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" (1857). It is, I suggest, a nearly perfect statement of the position which Form must ever occupy with relation to Substance:

> Literature, in itself, is but a trifling matter and is merely valuable as being the armory in which the weapons of the human mind are laid up and from which, when required, they can be quickly drawn. But he would be a sorry reasoner who, on that account, should propose to sacrifice the end, that he might obtain the means; who should hope to defend the armory by giving up the weapons, and who should destroy the treasure in order to improve the magazine in which the treasure is kept. Yet this is what many persons are apt to do. From literary men, in particular, we hear too much of the necessity of protecting and rewarding literature and we hear too little of the necessity of that freedom and boldness in the absence of which the most splendid literature is . . . worthless.

ROBERT DANIEL OLSON.

Toledo, O.

Sad State of Television

SIR: Thanks for your fine editorial "The Time-Trap" [*SRL* Dec. 24]. Only an aroused public sending many letters to sponsors will correct the sad state of television today.

Recently a wife said of her intelligent husband, "It just makes me sick. He used to spend his evenings reading good books; now he sits there watching whatever comes on — 'Hopalong Cassidy,' wrestling matches, *anything*!" The way to arouse many such apathetic people is through telling them of the danger to their children, as you have done in this editorial.

FRANCES L. MCELDERRY.

Inglewood, Calif.

"The Country of the Blind"

SIR: In his review of "The Country of the Blind," by Professor George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge [*SRL* Dec. 3], Hallett Abend seems to contradict himself. "Mr. Counts and Miss Lodge," Mr. Abend writes, "have amassed a huge store of valuable data about the Soviet domestic system. American public opinion about international relations with Russia and satellite states would be more intelligently based if the things which this

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book contains were widely known in this country"—and much more in the same vein, which is all to the good. Mr. Abend also states most accurately that "With horrified fascination the authors show clearly how Fascism grew and entrenched itself within the Soviet system and how the original aims of the Revolution became perverted into instruments for the maintenance of the tyranny of terror."

Mr. Abend then proceeds to complain that the authors have failed to digest the material for the readers and that at times "interpretative and explanatory writing is held to a scant minimum."

As a native of Russia with intimate knowledge of the Russian scene before and since the Revolution, I feel that what Mr. Abend considers a weakness of the book is in reality its greatest strength. The authors are to be highly complimented for giving us the information straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak, and not diluted with their own interpretations. Too many of our people have come to look upon the so-called "interpretative and explanatory" writing on Russia as the work of biased people with very little authority for their views except brief sojourns in the Soviet Union. But in the case of "The Country of the Blind" not even the eleven convicted chieftains of the American Communist Party could accuse the authors of red-baiting or bias.

In this book not the authors but Soviet Government officials do the talking. And their talking is mostly for home consumption. It is genuine.

It is high time the American readers did their own digesting of such important material as is presented by these authors, Counts and Lodge. It is a bitter pill, of course, but if we are to become alive to the enormity of the Soviet menace it is imperative that our people know the real facts, unpleasant as they may be.

I have no hesitancy in stating most emphatically that if all the books hitherto published about the Soviets were dumped into the ocean and only "The Country of the Blind" volume left on the shelves there would be no valid reason for any intelligent American to offer the usual alibi: "I cannot understand the Russians; we have no information about Russia."

J. ANTHONY MARCUS.

New York, N. Y.

"Stinky Pinky"

SIR: Will you please tell Daniel H. Sheingold [LETTERS, *SRL* Jan. 14] that his "currently raging" game raged here some ten years ago and is properly called "Stinky Pinky"? . . . My personal pride is all wrapped up in "an Oriental fit — Egyptian conniption."

HELEN T. FULLER.

Southern Pines, N. C.

SIR: Here are some of my favorites:

(1) A foolish horse—silly filly
(2) An infuriated buccaneer — irate pirate
(3) A prolific reptile—fertile turtle
(4) Exhausted crustacean — limp shrimp

ANNE MCCHESNY.

Fort Thomas, Ky.

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Southern Legacy

From his newspaper office in a small Mississippi town, Pulitzer Prize winner Hodding Carter interprets the South in terms of

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- **Southern women and the tradition of chivalry**
- **Law enforcement, lynching, and personal honor**
- **The Negro, the Catholic, the Jew**
- **The Civil War and the Klan**
- **Cornpone, "Crackers," and Corn Likker**
- **Migration, Yankees, and Agitators**

—in short, the entire cultural, political, and emotional state of the South today. He goes far toward explaining the enigmas and inconsistencies which so puzzle and irritate non-Southerners. ***At your bookstore $3.00***

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Music to My Ears

LEHMANN AND THE LIEDER SEASON

THE ART of Lotte Lehmann is neither a past phenomenon nor, particularly, a present one: it is rather a perennial, whose bloom occurs in these parts each year between late January and mid-March. Then is the "Veilchen" of Mozart in blossom, also the "Lotesblume" of Schumann; or, if neither of these, Schubert's "Heidenroeslein." It is, in any case, a time when all the arbor of musical invention called "lieder" blooms as at no other time.

It is really a question for the non-indoctrinated listener to ask: why "lieder"? Why not just songs? One does not, after all, speak of French *chansons* or Italian *canzonettas* unless one cherishes the artificial or the precious. Begone, then, "lieder" in favor of the direct, down-to-earth "song."

But it is not at all so simple. For the music-minded, the whole range of expression called "lieder" is as precise and well-defined a thing as Elizabethan poetry or impressionistic painting. It has a beginning, a development, a climax, and an aftermath. The indoctrinated note that Mozart's "Veilchen" was the first and Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," possibly, the last. Strauss wrote many afterwards, as did Joseph Marx and Erich Wolff. By then, however, "Das lied ist aus" (to quote a much lighter effort by Robert Stolz) in more ways than one.

It fulfills other requirements of a closed esthetic circle by embodying within itself contrasts and comparisons, likenesses and duplications. The first song Mme. Lehmann sang at the New Friends of Music session of Brahms, which began her month-long round of local activity, was called "An ein Veilchen." Not quite identical with the Mozart which we have mentioned as the genesis of the whole system, but close enough to make a matching of impressions fairly inevitable. And not fifteen minutes later Mme. Lehmann was singing, with exquisite art and the most profound range of feeling, a setting by Brahms of the same Spanish verse called "In dem schatten meinem Locken," with which she has so often delighted us in the setting of Hugo Wolf.

Sometime, when she is in a mood for a special artistic challenge, Mme. Lehmann could make us all speechless with thanks by composing an evening of these likenesses and comparisons: Beethoven's setting of Goethe's "Ich liebe dich," followed by the more familiar Grieg; Silcher's version of Heine's "Lorelei" and Liszt's; the Brahms and Wolf we have previously mentioned, and various other duplications that exist among Schumann and Schubert, Schubert and Roger Quilter (an English composer susceptible to Shakespeare). For that matter, to get down to it, there is even a Wagner "Tannenbaum" to measure against the infinitely familiar one.

By extension, then, one comprehends the fascination that the whole vast (and yet so intimate) literature exercises for a Lehmann. She is presently engaged in a series of recital appearances in New York that will include her fiftieth here since 1932. I was fortunate enough to be present at the first of them and youthful enough then to assert that she was less than the ideal of a lieder singer. Whatever the justification of that judgment, I am rather confident that never has she sung with more compelling authority, more consistent effect, more rigorous musicianship than this last time. She still has the resource to climax an hour and a half's singing with the hammer-and-anvil blows of "Der Schmied" ("The Smith"). But rather than squandering, as before, that reserve in prodigal gasps along the way, she seems to me to have learned a new thriftiness of expression, a closer fit of word and tone to become her present vocal power. For any singer of Lehmann's powers to learn anything "new" is close to miraculous; if there is more to say, I can't think what it might be, except—hear her.

That fascination I have mentioned expressed itself the same day in the same place a few hours later, when the French composer Francis Poulenc and his preferred interpreter, Pierre Bernac, renewed the joint appearances they initiated last season. Schumann and Schubert have always been very close to the French heart and M. Bernac's version of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" demonstrated that he is very close to Schumann's heart.

Or is it Heine's? He was, after all, a Parisian exile for much of his life, including the year of 1840, when Schumann wrote these songs. Thus the intellectual fascination that reached across borders both ways: from Heine to Schumann and back to Bernac. Thus, the varied modes of approach that can yield valid artistic results. With Lehmann it is certainly an impulse of the heart, eventually intellectualized; with Bernac, an intellectual sympathy that seeps to the emotions—and with what justice, fervor, and taste! For that matter, it was a rich musical experience just to hear Poulenc—one of the few great song composers we have in this time—pay his pianistic tribute of enthusiasm and affection to the writing of his great predecessor. Considering these manifestations, one may rest reasonably assured—were anyone worried—that such songs will never want for able interpreters.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 346

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 346 will be found in the next issue.

H'KK MNS KHRSDM SN

QDZRNM . . . . . QDZRNM

ZKVZXR LDZMR VGZS

RNLD NMD DKRD GZR

FNS SN RZX. —D.

FZRJDKK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 345

The blue-bird carries the sky on his back.

—JOSH BILLINGS.

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U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 15*)

water, and reminds us that coal and oil reserves are no more than "green forests converted by Nature into Stygian gloom." Painstakingly and ponderously, too, he makes the organic farmer's case for use of whole-grain breads, brown sugars, and "mineralized" foods.

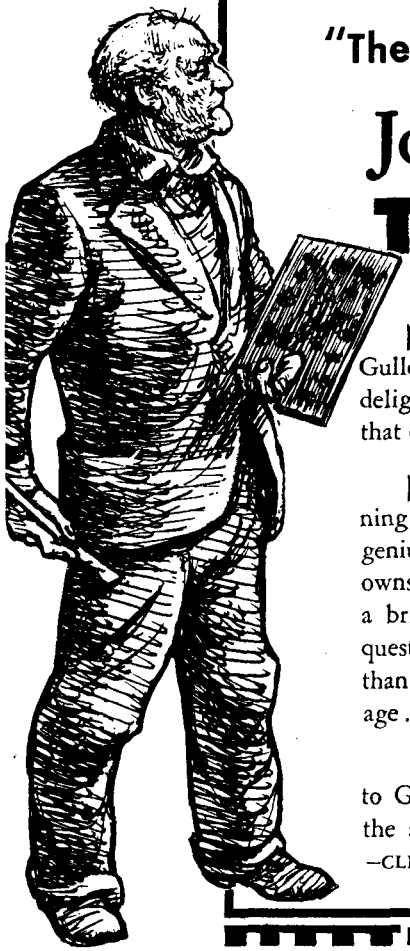
The one-world concept of government is unsound, he contends, for geographic reasons. Instead, he advances the plan for a world made up of four self-sufficient "sations": the Anglo-American, the Teutonic-Latin, the Russian, and the Indo-Chinese. Under a chemical concept of production, based on scientific application of Aristotle's soil-water-air-fire concept, each "sation" could be fully self-sufficient and the need for "intersational trade," interest-bearing money, and, consequently, war could be avoided.

Dr. Hale is a chemical economist with a long and notable record. It is shameful, though understandable, that he writes with such bitter bias on some phases of his thesis. It is shameful, too, that he is such a highly intellectual and highly polysyllabic scientist. If the core of truth in this

book could be brought coherently before the world's peoples, it could go a long way to avert World War III and bring on the era of plenty the writer foresees. —ROBERT WEST HOWARD.

MAJOR PROBLEMS OF UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY, 1949-1950, prepared by the International Studios Group of the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C. $3. Two long sections, one on Mr. Truman's "Point IV" in all its ramifications and another on the prickly question of Western European integration, give to this otherwise factual run-down of last year's foreign relations the relevance of tomorrow's headlines. Its review of how the United States is swinging its weight—in diplomacy, in the politics of the cold war, in international economics, and in a military way—is designed, says Leo Pasvolsky, who directed the study, "to illustrate a technique . . . closely approximating that used by Government officials in the formulation of foreign policies; and to furnish working materials as an aid to the reader in acquiring a knowledge . . . of the policy-making process."

As such, this survey unintentionally offers the reader something else—an unofficial but accurate and valuable mirror of the State-Department mind at work on every issue. For material, it relies almost entirely on official documents and on the official utterances of persons very much interested that their stewardship over the country's foreign policy shall be deemed successful. Inevitably, the net impression left by this rather one-sided presentation is that, except for China, our side is doing all right. And in China, it's not our fault. —P. R. L.



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Seeing Things

HONORABLE INTENTIONS

THEY were there, the faithful and the devout, for the opening of "The Cocktail Party."* They were there, carrying their reverence with them much as pilgrims might carry candles in a procession. They were there, filled with a sense of the night's eventfulness; confident, because Mr. Eliot, *their* Mr. Eliot, was the dramatist, that before final curtain time they would enjoy, as he once put it, "a tremor of bliss, a wink of heaven." That they were rewarded with both the tremor and the wink, I am in no position to deny. Even those to whom T. S. Eliot is a man and not a religion could not fail to be grateful for certain of the evening's qualities.

Beyond dispute actors of extraordinary excellence were being seen. What is more, they were being heard. With the exception of Irene Worth, they were English actors. They were such gifted English actors as Alec Guinness, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, Eileen Peel, and Ernest Clark. Moreover, all of them (including Miss Worth, an American who has become as British as the rest) were playing with that finish and authority and that genius for handling the language at which the English are unrivaled.

Beyond dispute, too, there were proofs that the mind responsible for the dialogue these actors were speaking so well was no ordinary mind. It was subtler, lonelier, colder, stouter, more questing than that lying behind most playwriting. Yet I could not help wondering, as I watched the absorption of the devout in what I doubt they at all times understood more clearly than I did, what their reactions would have been if, instead of being hallowed by T. S. Eliot's name, this play in verse had been written by some unknown dramatist.

"You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?" asks Bannal, one of the critics, in the Epilogue to "Fanny's First Play." It helps a lot, of course, to know that T. S. Eliot is the author of "The Cocktail Party." No living writer is more revered or has been written about more extensively than he. One has only to turn to "T. S. Eliot: A Selected Critique" and read such worthies as Conrad Aiken, Richard Aldington, E. M. Forster, Mark Van Doren, Paul Elmer More, Malcolm Cowley, John Crowe Ransom, Stephen Spender, William Butler Yeats, or Allen Tate, to learn what one should—and should not—say about Mr. Eliot. The dicta and dogma of these gentlemen have taken their place among the flora and fauna of the present's higher-browed criticism.

A relative of Mr. Eliot may once have described him to me as being "the best British poet ever to have been born in St. Louis," but no one else would dream of being so lacking in piety. Mr. Eliot is a Nobel Prize winner. His scholarship is enormous. His critical contributions are vastly respected. His poetry is widely acclaimed by thousands whether they comprehend it or not. Campuses ring with his name. Intellectuals, young and old, here and abroad grow bright-eyed when he is mentioned. "The Waste Land" is usually cited as being an event no less than a poem. Indeed, such is his preeminence that few statements made by any literary figure in our time have provoked more consternation or applause than his declaration that he was "an Anglo-Catholic in religion . . . a classicist in literature and a royalist in politics."

Though he has excelled at poetry and the essay, he has not limited himself to them. As a close student of Euripides, Seneca, the Elizabethans, the Jacobeans, Dryden, and the theory of poetic drama, the theatre has also attracted him. His "Murder in the Cathedral," a play about Becket's martyrdom, relied heavily upon its choral interludes. Slow in starting as it was, it rose to moments of high beauty, became dramatic almost in spite of itself, and brought poetry back to a prosaic stage.

SINCE then, Mr. Eliot has written two other plays in verse, "The Family Reunion" and "The Cocktail Party." In the first of these he made some use of a chorus; in the second he has dispensed with a chorus entirely. In both of them he chose to place his action in modern settings. If he has turned his back on dramas laid in the past, it is because, as he has confessed, he now wishes to write only plays about contemporary life. His conviction is that "if poetic drama is to establish itself again, after 300 years, it has got to show that it can deal with what appears to be the most refractory material." It must concern itself with such "men and women as we know, in the usual clothes that they wear today, in the same perplexities, conflicts, and misunderstandings that we and our acquaintances get involved in, and uttering no lines that

Robert Flemyng and Irene Worth—"a shining best" but scant "tremor of bliss."

THE COCKTAIL PARTY, a play by T. S. Eliot. Directed by E. Martin Browne. Settings supervised by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Gilbert Miller by arrangement with Sherek Players, Ltd. With Alec Guinness, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, Eileen Peel, Ernest Clark, Grey Blake, Irene Worth, Avril Conquest, and Donald Bain. At Henry Miller's Theatre, New York City. Opened January 21, 1950.

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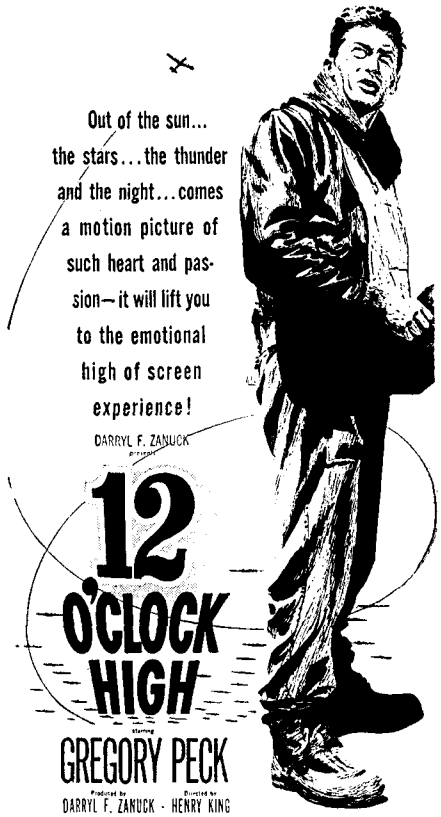
are not relevant to the situation, the mood, and the dramatic action."

Mr. Eliot has admitted that he is working as an experimentalist. To him the iambic pentameter is an anachronism. He rightly refuses to don Elizabethan tights in order to deal with his own times. In the anarchy of the present, when there is no one accepted verse form for poetic drama, he is seeking to find the right contemporary form for himself, even as he believes all other poets drawn to the theatre must nowadays endeavor to do. Mr. Eliot is not of the trombone and oboe school. He does not want his verse to call attention to itself. He is willing to have an audience mistake it for prose when the action is not intense. He wishes by the rhythms in his casual speeches, rhythms perhaps unnoticed by playgoers, to prepare for those crises when his characters have been lifted into poetry by the intensity of their feelings. A first-rate drama, he thinks, should make us believe that there are moments in life when poetry is the natural form of expression of ordinary men and women.

So much for Mr. Eliot's theory as stated by him in a very frank and disarming address delivered in London to the Poets' Theatre Guild. The theory, as theory, makes sound sense and is easy to follow. But, as "The Cocktail Party" once again proves, practice and theory are not always brothers, much less twins. In spite of its intervals of communicated tension; in spite, too, of the fine felicity and beauty of its occasional phrases, the sharpness or wit of scattered lines, and the dazzling brilliance of its performance, it is obscure, not clear.

Mr. Eliot's new play starts as trivially as if he were writing a flat sequel to the highly successful "Yatata, Yatata" scene in "Allegro," and ends in a pea-soup fog of mysticism. Its poetry is a secret that is almost too well kept. It is optical rather than auditory. Although on the printed page it looks like poetry, when spoken it seldom explains why it has been set as verse. This is as true of most of its intense climaxes as it is of its calmer stretches.

I approach Mr. Eliot's verse with proper caution. When, in the same address referred to above, Mr. Eliot noted the need of training professional critics of poetic drama and added that very few dramatic critics are especially equipped at present for this task, he was not pointing at me but he might have been. I have my other reasons for being shy about discussing Mr. Eliot's text in detail. He is a great one for playing solemn jokes upon his public—to the delight of his academic devotees. It amuses him to



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interlard his own creations with lines borrowed here and there from the works of others, as a test of his readers' scholarship. Edmund Wilson, for example, pointed out that in "The Waste Land," a poem of only 433 lines (to which are added seven pages of notes), Mr. Eliot managed to include "quotations from, allusions to, or imitations of, at least thirty-five different writers (some of them, such as Shakespeare and Dante, laid under contribution several times)—as well as several popular songs; and to introduce passages in six foreign languages, including Sanskrit."

I remember the late Theodore Spencer smiling happily when he told me that a speech which I had admired of one of the knights in "Murder in the Cathedral" had been snipped as a merry jest from A. Conan Doyle's "The White Company." Whether or not Mr. Eliot has been indulging in any such playful appropriations in "The Cocktail Party," I do not know. I only remember Shaw's warning to critics when, for fun, he rewrote his novel "Cashel Byron's Profession" as a play in blank verse called "The Admirable Bashville." Shaw confessed he had purposely stolen or paraphrased lines from Marlowe and Shakespeare (not to mention Henry Carey) so that, if any man dared quote him derisively, he should do so in peril of inadvertently alighting on a purple passage from "Hamlet" or "Faustus."

IN THE instance of "The Cocktail Party," therefore, I do not presume to say whether Mr. Eliot is writing *solo* or *ex libris*. Speaking only as a member of the theatregoing laity, I must nevertheless observe that in my opinion the drama is a medium which seems to resist his advances. Notwithstanding his aroused interest, his honorable intentions, and his vast erudition in the field of dramatic literature, he and the professional stage (at least as most of us know and enjoy it) do not make a congenial couple.

In "The Cocktail Party" Mr. Eliot, if I understand him clearly, and I am not at all certain that I do, is writing about a group of Mayfair sophisticates as interslept as if they were the interchangeable sixsome in Benn Levy's "Clutterbuck." Mr. Eliot's approach, however, proves ultimately as portentous as Mr. Levy's is farcical throughout.

In the most high-minded way, he is interested in the emotionally maladjusted. His pivotal character is a psychoanalyst who serves not only as a doctor but as a priest to those of little faith. Among these count the husband and wife and the husband's mistress, who turn for help to this psychoanalyst. The love of which these three people are capable exists on planes as different as are their spiritual potentialities. The husband and wife are earthbound. They represent the unloving and the unloved. Bringing them together again is merely a matter of psychiatric readjustment. But the mistress is made of finer stuffs. She has a sense of sin and is worthy of a saintly atonement. Sent to what she thinks is the doctor's sanitarium, she is dispatched as a nurse to the Far East, where she finds redemption by dying, crucified by natives near a colony of ants.

Mr. Eliot's play begins and ends with a cocktail party. It is against the background of such trivia that his characters, nervous products of a nervous age, are explored. In revealing their problems and their natures, Mr. Eliot is at his most effective in the scenes dominated by the psychoanalyst, and at his least witty and most tedious when trying to write the brittle chit-chat of the drawing room. The vigor of his mind and his precise command of language are most strongly felt when his touch is both sardonic and serious. Even so, the difference between dialogue and talk (and far too much talk at that) is something that he does not appear to have mastered any more than he has managed to endow deliberately conversational verse with the lift or song of dramatic poetry.

If we cannot applaud Mr. Eliot for bringing about a new poetic age in the theatre by writing "The Cocktail Party," we must sincerely thank Gilbert Miller, as producer, and E. Martin Brown, as director, for permitting us to enjoy players who are capable of acting as if that new age had already been achieved. Few plays in prose and none in modern verse that I can think of have been blessed with so notable a cast.

The actors in "The Cocktail Party" are a joy to watch and listen to. The most spectacular performance may be Alec Guinness's wonderfully trenchant and dynamic playing of the psychoanalyst. But Robert Flemyng as the husband, Eileen Peel as the wife, Irene Worth as the mistress, and Cathleen Nesbitt as the older woman are all admirable. They rise triumphantly to meet the challenges of a difficult script. They do their best—and a shining best it is—to protect it from its obvious and sometimes irritating shortcomings. But, exciting as is their contribution and extraordinary as is their skill, they cannot hide the fact that Mr. Eliot in "The Cocktail Party" has not yet found a plot, a poetic idiom, or a dramatic method which realizes his dreams or our hopes.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

BOOKS STARRED

(*Continued from page* 11)

cels blame, and blame praise. There are as many different opinions of his work as there are different reviewers. Soon he comes to discount both praise and blame; they are equally worthless. He values the review only for its effect upon his reputation and for its effect upon his sales.

The same cause has also lessened the value of the review to the reader. The reader asks the reviewer to tell him whether the poem or novel is good or bad in order that he may decide whether to buy it or not. Sixty reviewers at once assure him that it is a masterpiece—and worthless. The clash of completely contradictory opinions cancels each other out. The reader suspends judgment, waits for an opportunity of seeing the book himself, very probably forgets all about it, and keeps his seven and sixpence in his pocket.

The variety and diversity of opinion affect the publisher in the same way. Aware that the public no longer trusts either praise or blame, the publisher is reduced to printing both side by side: "This is . . . poetry that will be remembered in hundreds of years' time . . ." "There are several passages that make me physically sick," to quote an actual instance from *The New Statesman*, to which he adds very naturally, in his own person: "Why not read it yourself?" That question is enough by itself to show that reviewing as practised at present has failed in all its objects. Why bother to write reviews or to read them or to quote them if in the end the reader must decide the question for himself?

If the reviewer has ceased to have any value either to the author or to the public it seems a public duty to abolish him. And, indeed, the recent failure of certain magazines consisting largely of reviews seems to show that whatever the reason, such will be his fate. But it is worth while to look at him in being—a flutter of little reviews is still attached to the great political dailies and weeklies—before he is swept out of existence, in order to see what he is still trying to do, why it is so difficult for him to do it, and whether perhaps there is not some element of value that ought to be preserved. Let us ask the reviewer himself to throw light upon the nature of the problem as it appears to him. Nobody is better qualified to do so than Mr. Harold Nicolson. The other day in the *Daily Telegraph* he dealt with the duties and the difficulties of the reviewer as they appear to him. He began by saying that the reviewer,

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who is "something quite different from the critic," is "hampered by the hebdomadal nature of his task"—in other words, he has to write too often and too much. He went on to define the nature of that task. "Is he to relate every book that he reads to the eternal standards of literary excellence? Were he to do that, his reviews would be one long ululation. Is he merely to consider the library public and to tell people what it may please them to read? Were he to do that, he would be subjugating his own level of taste to a level which is not very stimulating. How does he act?" Since he cannot refer to the eternal standards of literature, since he cannot tell the library public what they would like to read—that would be "a degradation of the mind"—there is only one thing that he can do: he can hedge. "I hedge between the two extremes. I address myself to the authors of the books which I review; I want to tell them why I either like or dislike their work, and I trust that from such a dialogue the ordinary reader will derive some information."

That is an honest statement, and its honesty is illuminating. It shows that the review has become an expression of individual opinion, given without any attempt to refer to "eternal standards" by a man who is in a hurry, who is pressed for space, who is expected to cater in that little space for many different interests, who is bothered by the knowledge that he is not fufilling his task; who is doubtful what that task is, and who, finally, is forced to hedge. Now the public though crass is not such an ass as to invest seven and sixpence on the advice of a reviewer writing under such conditions, and the public though dull is not such a gull as to believe in the great poets, great novelists, and epoch-making works that are weekly discovered under such conditions. Those are the conditions, however, and there is good reason to think that they will become more drastic in the course of the next few years. The reviewer is already a distracted tag on the tail of the political kite. Soon he will be conditioned out of existence altogether. His work will be done—in many newspapers it is already done—by a competent official armed with scissors and paste who will be called (it may be) The Gutter. The Gutter will write out a short statement of the book, extract the plot (if it is a novel), choose a few verses (if it is a poem), quote a few anecdotes (if it is a biography). To this what is left of the reviewer—perhaps he will come to be known as The Taster—will fix a stamp—an asterisk to signify approval, a dagger to signify disapproval. This statement—this Gutter and Stamp production—will serve instead of the present discordant and distracted twitter. And there is no reason to think that it will serve two of the parties concerned worse than the present system. The library public will be told what it wishes to know—whether the book is the kind of book to order from the library, and the publisher will collect asterisks and daggers instead of going to the pains to copy out alternate phrases of praise and abuse in which neither he nor the public has any faith. Each perhaps will save a little time and a little money. There remain, however, two other parties to be considered—that is the author and the reviewer. What will the Gutter and Stamp system mean to them?

To deal first with the author—his case is the more complex, for his is the more highly developed organism. During the two centuries or so in which he has been exposed to reviewers he has undoubtedly developed what may be called a reviewer consciousness. There is present in his mind a figure who is known as "the reviewer." To Dickens he was a louse armed with pigmy arrows, having the form of a man and the heart of a devil. To Tennyson he was even more formidable. It is true that the lice are so many today and they bite so innumerably

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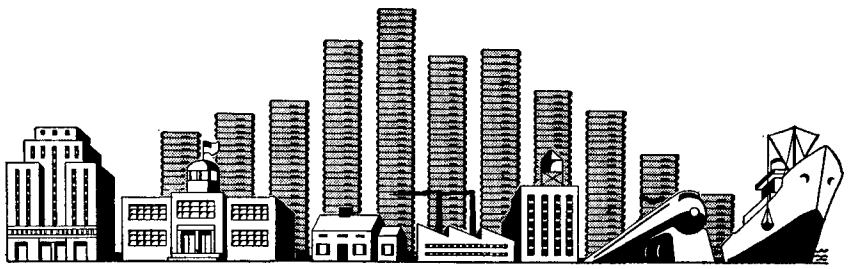

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that the author is comparatively immune from their poison—no author now abuses reviewers as violently as Dickens or obeys them as submissively as Tennyson. Still, there are eruptions even now in the press which lead us to believe that the reviewer's fang is still poisoned. But what part is affected by his bite? What is the true nature of the emotion he causes? That is a complex question; but perhaps we can discover something that will serve as answer by submitting the author to a simple test. Take a sensitive author and place before him a hostile review. Symptoms of pain and anger rapidly develop. Next tell him that nobody save himself will read those abusive remarks. In five or ten minutes the pain which, if the attack had been delivered in public, would have lasted a week and bred bitter rancour, is completely over. The temperature falls, indifference returns. This proves that the sensitive part is the reputation; what the victim feared was the effect of abuse upon the opinion that other people had of him. He is afraid, too, of the effect of abuse upon his purse. But the purse sensibility is in most cases far less highly developed than the reputation sensibility. As for the artist's sensibility—his own opinion of his own work—that is not touched by anything good or bad that the reviewer says about it. The reputation sensibility, however, is still lively, and it will thus take some time to persuade authors that the Gutter and Stamp system is as satisfactory as the present reviewing system. They will say that they have "reputations"—bladders of opinion formed by what other people think about them, and that these bladders are inflated or deflated by what is said of them in print. Still, under present conditions, the time is at hand when even the author will believe that nobody thinks the better or the worse of him because he is praised or blamed in print. Soon he will come to realize that his interests—his desire for fame and money—are as effectively catered for by the Gutter and Stamp system as by the present reviewing system.

But even when this stage is reached the author may still have some ground for complaint. The reviewer did serve some end besides that of inflating reputations and stimulating sales. And Mr. Nicolson has put his finger on it. "I want to tell them why I either like or dislike their work." The author wants to be told why Mr. Nicolson likes or dislikes his work.

AT THIS point let us turn once more to the reviewer. There can be no doubt that his position at the present moment, judging both from the outspoken remarks of Mr. Nicolson and from the internal evidence of the reviews themselves, is extremely unsatisfactory. He has to write in haste and to write shortly. Most of the books he reviews are not worth the scratch of a pen upon paper—it is futile to refer them to "eternal standards." He knows further, as Matthew Arnold has stated, that, even if the conditions were favorable, it is impossible for the living to judge the words of the living. Years, many years, according to Matthew Arnold, have to pass before it is possible to deliver an opinion that is not "only personal, but personal with passion." And the reviewer has one week. And authors are not dead but living. And the living are friends or enemies, have wives and families, personalities and politics.

The one element in reviewing that is of value to the reviewer himself (independently of the money earned) is the one element that is of value to the author. The problem then is how to preserve this value—the value of the dialogue as Mr. Nicolson calls it—and to bring both parties together in a union that is profitable to the minds and purses of both. It should not be a difficult problem to solve. The medical profession has shown the way. With some differences the medical custom might be imitated—there are many resemblances between doctor and reviewer, between patient and author. Let the reviewers then abolish themselves or what relic remains of them as reviewers and resurrect themselves as doctors. Another name might be chosen—consultant, expositor, or expounder; some credentials might be given, the books written rather than the examinations passed, and a list of those ready and authorized to practise made public. The writer then would submit his work to the judge of his choice; an appointment would be made; an interview arranged. In strict privacy, and with some formality — the fee, however, would be enough to insure that the interview did not degenerate into tea-table gossip—doctor and writer would meet, and for an hour they would consult upon the book in question. They would talk, seriously and privately. This privacy in the first place would be an immeasurable advantage to them both. The consultant would speak honestly and openly, because the fear of affecting sales and of hurting feelings would be removed. Privacy would lessen the shop-window temptation to cut a figure, to pay off scores. The consultant would have no library public to inform and consider, no reading public to impress and amuse. He could thus concentrate upon the book itself and upon telling the author why he likes or dislikes it. The author would profit equally. An hour's private talk with a critic of his own choosing would be incalculably more valuable than the 500 words of criticism mixed with extraneous matter that is now allotted him. He could state his case. He could point to his difficulties. He would no longer feel, as so often at present, that the critic is talking about something that he has not written. Further, he would have the advantage of coming into touch with a well-stored mind, housing other books and even other literatures and thus other standards; with a live human being, not with a man in a mask. Many bogeys would lose their horns.

Next there is the financial question—would the profession of expositor be as profitable as the profession of reviewer? How many authors are there who would wish to have an expert opinion on their work? The answer to this is to be heard crying daily and crying loudly in any publisher's office or in any author's bag. "Give me advice," they repeat, "give me criticism." The number of authors seeking criticism and advice genuinely, not for advertising purposes but because their need is acute, is an abundant proof of the demand. But would they pay the doctor's fee of three guineas? When they discovered, as certainly they would, how much more an hour of talk holds, even if it costs three guineas, than the hurried letter which they now extort from the harassed publisher's reader, or the five hundred words which are all they can count on from the distracted reviewer, even the indigent would think it an investment worth taking. Nor is it only the young and

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needy who seek advice. The art of writing is difficult; at every stage the opinion of an impersonal and disinterested critic would be of the highest value. Who would not spout the family teapot in order to talk with Keats for an hour about poetry or with Jane Austen about the art of fiction?

What effect would the abolition of the reviewer have upon literature? Some reasons for thinking that the smashing of the shop window would make for the better health of that remote goddess have already been implied. The writer would withdraw into the darkness of the workshop; he would no longer carry on his difficult and delicate task like a trouser mender in Oxford Street, with a horde of reviewers pressing their noses to the glass and commenting to a curious crowd upon each stitch. Hence his self-consciousness would diminish and his reputation would shrivel. No longer puffed this way and that, now elated, now depressed, he could attend to his work. That might make for better writing. Again the reviewer, who must earn his pence by cutting shop-window capers to amuse the public and to advertise his skill, would have only the book to think of and the writer's needs. That might make for better criticism.

But there might be other and more positive advantages. The Gutter and Stamp system by eliminating what now passes for literary criticism—those few words devoted to "why I like or dislike this book"—will save space. Four or five thousand words, possibly, might be saved in the course of a month or two. And an editor with that space at his disposal might not only express his respect for literature but actually prove it. He might spend that space, even in a political daily or weekly, not upon stars and snippets, but upon unsigned and uncommercial literature—upon essays, upon criticism. There may be a Montaigne among us—a Montaigne now severed into futile slices of one thousand to fifteen hundred words weekly. Given time and space he might revive, and with him an admirable and now almost extinct form of art. Or there may be a critic among us—a Coleridge, a Matthew Arnold. He is now frittering himself away, as Mr. Nicolson has shown, upon a miscellaneous heap of poems, plays, novels, all to be reviewed in one column by Wednesday next. Given four thousand words, even twice a year, the critic might emerge, and with him those standards, those "eternal standards," which if they are never referred to, far from being eternal cease to exist. Do we not all know that Mr. A writes better or it may be worse than Mr. B? But is that all we want to know? Is that all we ought to ask?

But to sum up, or rather to heap a little cairn of conjectures and conclusions at the end of these scattered remarks for somebody else to knock down. The review, it is contended, increases self-consciousness and diminishes strength. The shop window and the looking-glass inhibit and confine. By putting in their place discussion—fearless and disinterested discussion — the writer would gain in range, in depth, in power. And this change would tell eventually upon the public mind. Their favorite figure of fun, the author, that hybrid between the peacock and the ape, would be removed from their derision, and in his place would be an obscure workman doing his job in the darkness of the workshop and not unworthy of respect. A new relationship might come into being, less petty and less personal than the old. A new interest in literature, a new respect for literature might follow. And, financial advantages apart, what a ray of light that would bring, what a ray of pure sunlight a critical and hungry public would bring into the darkness of the workshop!

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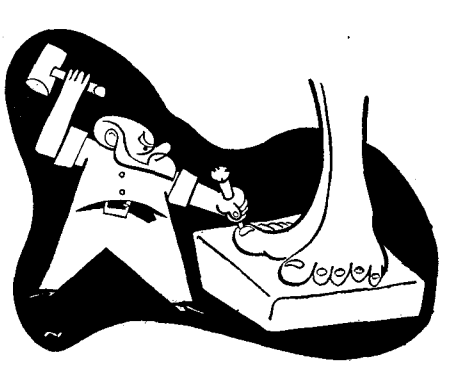
THE FINE ARTS

ARTIST LOST AND FOUND: GEORGES DE LA TOUR

WHATEVER may be posterity's verdict on the art created during the first half of our century, there can be no doubt that the period has been extraordinarily rich in reappraisal as to the artistic achievements of the past. Our score is staggering in this regard. When one considers the vast amount of material now conceded to be of esthetic as well as ethnographic value (the tribal sculpture of Africa and the South Pacific, for instance), when one remembers how many painters are today given top rank instead of their once negligible place, then it becomes apparent that the twentieth century has effected a profound and successful revolution in ways of seeing. Indeed, one of the reasons why some people find modern art difficult is that they apply to it standards of taste which in many cases art historians, no less than living artists, have drastically revised. And the truth is that historians and practising artists are usually allies, if sometimes unaware, in a common quest.

The interrelation between scholarship and contemporary art is dramatically illustrated by a five-star performance in modern research—the rescue of the early seventeenth-century French painter Georges de la Tour, of Lorraine, from total neglect.* De la Tour stands today as the peer of Poussin and Claude, a vital link in the sequence running from Fontainebleau mannerism to the rococo. Perhaps not since the 1860's has the French tradition in painting been so greatly strengthened near its core. During that decade, quite appropriately, for it was the era of Courbet's realism and Proudhon's Socialism, the brothers Le Nain, contemporaries of De la Tour, began to be recognized at their full worth. They began to be known as the superb painters of an elegiac humility, of a genre style in which the peasants of France worked or meditated with a dignity no less remarkable than that of the well-groomed gods and goddesses in Poussin's various Arcadias. On the other hand, the rediscovery of Georges de la Tour waited for a later time, a time when realism interested living painters far less than those geometrical problems of form which are so brilliantly proposed in De la Tour's own work. The rediscovery took place, that is to say, in 1914-15, when Hermann Voss (later, alas, one of Hitler's chief purchasing agents for art during the recent war) published an article identifying as by De la Tour three paintings previously ascribed to a fantastic list of other artists.

I suppose no one would argue dogmatically that Voss could not have recognized De la Tour's style if he had not been aware of cubism and other advanced developments in modern art. The fact is, however, that he *did* know about these developments, just as Champfleury had known all about Courbet when he extolled the brothers Le Nain in 1862. Moreover, subsequent research on De la Tour has been published as often in magazines primarily devoted to contemporary art as in scholarly journals dealing with the past. After the First World War Louis Demonts made the German Voss's discovery known to the French through an article in an antiquarian magazine piquantly entitled *Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosité*. But in 1928 our own *Art in America* published Voss's more recent opinions, which included the statement that De la Tour's style was notable for a "conscious accentuation of straight lines, increasing the austerity of his composition; and a severe and individual scale of colors." The sentence has a cubist ring, and nearly all the other authorities on De la Tour have since related his art to cubism, whether negatively or positively. Yet, like all very great masters, De la Tour has had more than one meaning for his twentieth-century successors. Thus in 1930 and 1931 two articles on the painter appeared in *Formes*, a magazine whose editorial policy was slanted away from abstract art toward a revival of human sentiment and poetic mystery.



During the winter of 1934-35 a group of pictures by De la Tour was included in the "Exposition des peintres de la realité au XVIIme siècle en France," held at Paris. De la Tour ran off with the honors and it was evident that the world had refound one of its finest masters. Meanwhile the intensified search for authentic works had made progress. Until 1931 only nightpieces, lighted by candle or torch, had been known. But in that year a signed daylight scene, "Le Tricheur," was found in a house on the Quai Bourbon, and it was obvious that De la Tour was not merely an extraordinarily inspired member of the *tenebrosi* who followed in Caravaggio's mountainous wake, but also a painter of varied range. Today the scholars disagree as to the number, and in certain cases as to the identity, of indisputable works by De la Tour. The strictest of these critics, S. M. M. Furness, lists fourteen pictures as certain; the late Paul Jamot's reissued monograph adds a few more; François-Georges Pariset's huge new monograph reproduces twenty as beyond question. We can expect that other paintings will come to light and we can be positive that De la Tour will never again disappear into the shadows which hid him.

BUT how well known was the artist in his one lifetime and how may we account for his long eclipse? The general assumption is that he was very famous and all the authorities appear to agree that he once held an eminent place. Perhaps so. There is little to prove it, however. Even Pariset's book, with its wealth of documentation on the history and art of Lorraine, adduces few facts to support the theory that De la Tour's renown was much more than local; at one point the author declares "the Abbé of Marolles is the only contemporary of De la Tour to speak of him." It is true that the artist held various honorary titles: by 1621 he was described as "maître," by 1644 (locally) as "peintre fameux;" by 1646 as "peintre ordinaire du Roy." Yet only the last-named designation is assured of national significance and nearly all the critics in stressing De la Tour's original fame point out that he painted a Saint Sebastian for Louis XIII. They add that the King once had all the other pictures removed from his room and kept only this. We know, however, that Louis XIII at that time wished to invoke the Saint's protection against a violent plague, and we

* *GEORGES DE LA TOUR.* By Paul Jamot. Paris: Floury, $1.25.
GEORGES DE LA TOUR. By François-Georges Pariset. Paris: Henri Laurens. $10.
GEORGES DE LA TOUR OF LORRAINE. By S. M. M. Furness. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul. $8.

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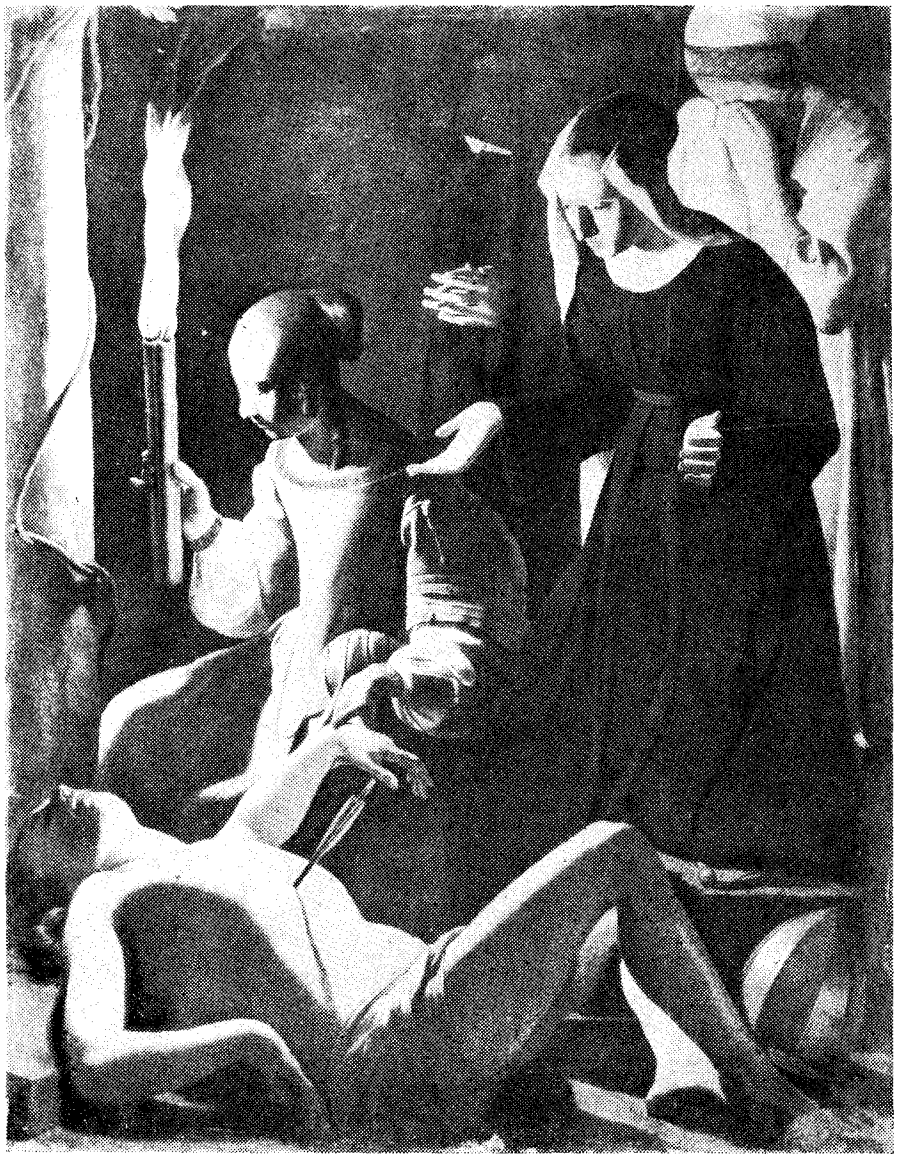

"St. Irene Mourning for St. Sebastian," by Georges de la Tour.

should remember that the King was himself a practicing artist, who might well have recognized talent without the goad of reputation. At any rate, the case for De la Tour as a leader among his contemporaries is rather slim, and possibly he is better understood as a provincial of genius than as a national figure who slipped. Unlike Poussin, his strict contemporary, he left few traces apart from his work.

Once famous or not, the master's neglect for so long a time is astonishing. S. M. M. Furness offers a plausible explanation in pointing out that the later seventeenth century's emphasis on the grand style swept into the discard so humble, direct, and exalted a vision as that of De la Tour. Certainly eighteenth-century rococo was not likely to find a place for such an artist, and he was too devout for the Revolution, though in a purely stylistic sense his angular simplicity might have appealed. He would have meant little to the romantics; he was spiritually beyond the depth of Courbet's realism. His conception of light was totally opposite to that of the impressionists, and not before Seurat did a nineteenth-century painter appear whose stiff yet lyric majesty, based on daily life, paralleled his own.

It is our own period which has really found De la Tour. It is our century, thanks in good measure to the example provided by living artists, which can see clearly his immense gifts. His geometry of night is a different matter emotionally from the anti-atmospheric equations of the cubists and their descendants, yet it proceeds from a comparable wish to renew structure—a precise, difficult, and, at its best, altogether rewarding task. If the esthetic of modern abstraction had done nothing more than lead us back to De la Tour it would have been worth the effort. In the final essence, now as in all eras, it is the art of the present which renames and nurses the art of the past.

—James Thrall Soby.

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The Redman's Culture

PATTERNS AND CEREMONIALS OF THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST. Lithographs by Ira Moskowitz with text by John Collier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 192 pp. $15.

AMERICAN INDIAN SCULPTURE. By Paul S. Wingert. New York: J. J. Augustin. 144 pp. 76 plates. $7.50.

By Oliver La Farge

TWO handsome, completely dissimilar books about aspects of American Indian life and art are being offered to the public. The first and most noteworthy of these, "Patterns and Ceremonials," is primarily intended as a vehicle for Ira Moskowitz's fine lithographs. Moskowitz has lived among the tribes of the Southwest, absorbing with real perception not only their physical appearance but the underlying, non-material qualities which are most clearly shown in their ceremonies. His drawings, considered simply as art, are splendid, full of power and certitude.

They are frankly subjective, records of the artist's response to what he saw. Certain of them, like his "Shalako," his Apache "Dance of the Mountain Spirit," and his scene inside a Navajo medicine lodge, "Last Day of the Healing Ceremony," depict their subjects and capture their spirit as has not been done before.

In some, especially in his representations of Pueblo ceremonies, he seems to have fallen into a fault which goes back as far as Catlin and Schoolcraft and the anonymous artists of the early military reports. There is too much emphasis, too much effect of straining action, an enlargment of faces, where classical restraint, grace, and the unimportance of faces would be nearer the truth. There is plenty of action, plenty of weight, in the great Pueblo dances, but the unviolent, classical quality is never lost. The Indians themselves convey these qualities well in their own paintings.

Even where one does quarrel with the pictures for this particular fault, one must admit their high artistic value. More, one must recognize that they still convey a lot of truth. It may be that only by certain exaggerations can an artist express the real violence—the impact of the dances upon himself. It is totally unnecessary to have any interest in Indians to enjoy Moskowitz's work, yet in enjoying it, one is bound to learn something important about its subjects. Here is the communication which is one aspect of true art.

John Collier's accompanying text, given his vast and deep experience, should be illuminating. It contains some generalizations which many would wish to debate and a suspicion of wish fulfillment. It contains many truths and sets forth important concepts about the inner life of the Southwestern Indians which are too little understood. What defeats it is the writing itself. Collier can write well. In contrasting the Indian and the white-European concepts of time he can write a sentence as sharp and good as this: "And we abide so briefly, within the rush of linear time which we experience as a kind of panic rout; and we are old so soon, and we are done, and we hardly had time to live at all."

Unfortunately such sentences are rare. Generally, meaning is buried beneath elaboration of construction, rare words, coined words, and an outrage of polysyllables. The function of language is defeated by a passage such as this:

> The Pueblos, I suggest, in their philosophy and practice of the man-nature relationship, and in their ecological practice which makes of the human society a co-operant of the planetary and cosmical ecological creation, are the askers of a question and propounders of an answer even more universal than were the question and answer of Rochdale.

The sentence even achieves bathos. Mr. Collier has a great deal to tell America; I wish he would do so clearly.

Paul Wingert's "American Indian Sculpture," produced in J. J. Augustin's usual handsome format, is of interest for reasons exterior to itself. The book is a straight, technical, artistically anesthetized, detailed, ethnographic monograph on the woodcarving of the Salish and neighboring tribes of the Northwest coast. It is sponsored by the American Ethnological Society, and should have been published by it or as a Memoir of the American Anthropological Association.

The form of publication chosen has several unfortunate results. The simplest of these is that it sends the price up beyond the reach of the average scholar who would have a real use for it.

It happens that American Indian sculpture, a subject which embraces the products of the high civilizations of Peru, Central America, Mexico, and the Mississippi Valley, to mention only a few, is perhaps the most sophisticated and satisfactory of all forms of American Indian art. The non-anthropological amateur of the arts who buys this book because he has heard a rumor of these things is going to be sorely disappointed. Ill-will will be generated, so that it will be harder later on for someone to market a work deserving of the title "American Indian Sculpture."

The deception practised is self-defeating. Knowing the naivete of the average scientist in commercial matters, we can only conclude that the author was led astray.

From "Patterns and Ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest."

"Eagle Dancers, Tesugue Pueblo," by Ira Moskowitz.

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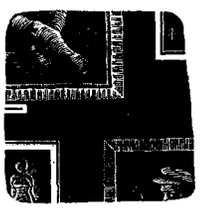
The Artist's Creative Process

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By André Malraux. The Bollingen Series XXIV. New York: Pantheon Books. Vol. I, "Museum Without Walls." Vol. II, "The Creative Art." 220 illustrations, 36 in color. $25 the set.

By Meyer Schapiro

THESE two volumes by the eminent French novelist are the result of a lifelong concern with painting and sculpture and the artist's creative process. They are written with eloquence and a passionate feeling not only for act, but for the human condition out of which art grows. This psychology of art is also a metaphysics, since Malraux seeks an ultimate meaning in art, disengaged from all incidental aspects and values. It is a history, too; in brilliant, brief chapters he surveys nearly the whole of Western and Asiatic art, sketching their characters in broad, but finely nuanced strokes. There are magnificent pages on French Gothic sculpture, on Giotto El Greco, and Tintoretto, with whose grandiose, triumphant art the book ends. An abundant series of photographs, varied and fresh, often superb as reproductions of details, offers a spectacular illustration of Malraux's aperçus. It is not a well-knit book, however: much is repetitious and assertive, and whole paragraphs seem to have found their places by chance, as thoughts of the moment provoked by a dissenting voice. There are evident contradictions. The character of modern art is derived in the first part from the "museum without walls," the photographic reproduction of the arts of the entire world, which in detaching the objects from their original functions has transformed them for our eyes into works of pure art, and suggested to modern painters a style in which values of form and color are self-sufficient. Elsewhere modern art is explained by exhaustion of the naturalism of Renaissance art—two theories compatible with Malraux's insistent view that the substance of art is not life, but a preceding work of art, against which the artist rebels. But he develops also, with equal conviction, the idea that modern art is an indictment of our society and therefore has a style of anguish and strain. Committed to the view that all art is a struggle against destiny and, above all, against death, and that the aim of the artist is to create a style through which he may dominate his world by transforming it into the work of art, Malraux is unable to clarify the relations between the style of the individual artist and the style of his epoch; nor does he give a convincing explanation of the historical changes in styles, which seem to be at times reactions of artists against their predecessors, at times the fulfillment of a latent aim, and again a dialectic movement within religious or secular thought.



Much in the book is familiar from the writings of historians: the idea of two basically different kinds of art—an art of pleasure and harmony, like the Greek, and an art of abstraction or stylization, which expresses conflict, anguish, the sense of the sacred and diabolic—was developed by Worringer ("Abstraction and Empathy," 1909); the idea of a basic will-to-form with its own life history is Riegl's (c.1900), is also (together with Strzygowski) the conception of late Roman art as no decay arising from loss of technical skill, but as the carrier of a new form-will and new world-view. And the account of Gothic naturalism and idealism recalls Dvořák. But no living writer is named or quoted in this work, which is filled with arguments and replies. Besides the flashing insights, are crude judgments all his own (on Cézanne—"what style but his harmonizes with the skyscraper?") and surprising errors of fact (the mosaic of Torcello is incorrectly described and the work he reproduces to illustrate the native Spanish Gothic art that El Greco found congenial is an English alabaster). Of the book as a piece of writing it should be said that in Malraux's restless yearning for grandeur and nobility he lapses at times into a strained fulsomeness, a forced exaltation and pathos. Words like "destiny," "world," "death," "God," and "man" are overworked and his ordinarily crisp style swells with an intolerably stagey rhetoric: "Those statues more Egyptian than the Egyptians, more Christian than the Christians, more Michelangelesque than Michelangelo—more human than mankind—which aspired to body forth an ultimate and timeless truth, still are murmurous with the myriad secret voices that generations yet unborn will elicit from them."

Yet with all the faults, Malraux's "The Psychology of Art" is a work of great force and is bound to stir thoughtful students of art.

Meyer Schapiro is associate professor of fine arts at Columbia University.

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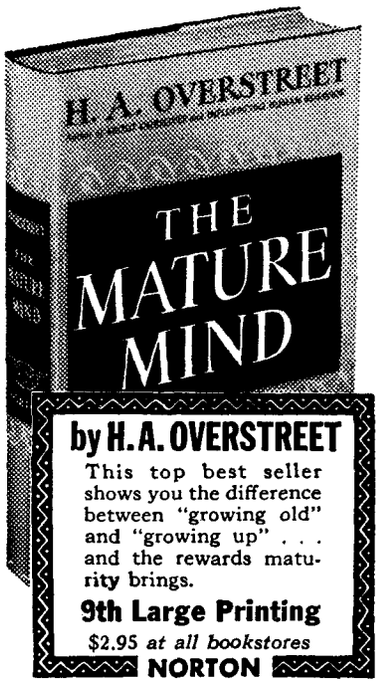

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Light Lies and Lens

FEININGER ON PHOTOGRAPHY. By Andreas Feininger. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 409 pp. $15.

BY DAVID E. SCHERMAN

IF ANDREAS Feininger's new book on photography were a two-year course, the author could very properly wind it up with a statement to one of his more imaginative students: "That's it, brother. From now on *you're on your own.*" He would, by his own lights, be quite correct on both counts: there would be very little left for our hypothetical student to learn, in the academic sense, and from that point forward his only teacher would be the stimulation of practical experience.

For Feininger's book is to this reviewer the most important and useful general work for the photographic student or interested onlooker to appear to date, and stands out in a welter of how-to-take-a-snapshot books that presently clutter the market and range from those by experts who are too specialized to be helpful, to those by people who can neither teach, nor, in the vernacular, photograph their way out of a paper bag. It could undoubtedly have been produced less expensively, but for what the book has to offer in the way of technical instruction, which is enormous, as well as less mechanical insights, the serious student is getting off easily at fifteen dollars.

There is no doubt in Feininger's mind that photography is an art, not a Sunday pastime, and that mastery of the medium's techniques, as in painting, writing, or music, is the prime essential to its successful expression. Thus the first half of the book is purely technical, with an eye to the dark-room, equipment, and raw material, and a not-overdone discussion of physics and chemistry. For those who know all about this, the author invites one to skip directly to Part II. Here he enunciates his fundamental principle that the camera, contrary to the modern proverb, does indeed lie, and that the art of making a photograph entails the control of these lies —control of contrast, of color, perspective, light, and motion. The degree to which these controls, once mastered, are put into effect is the difference between one artist's conception of the given subject matter from another's, differences to which in the book, at least, Feininger is impartial. Particularly exciting in this section are his chapters on color rendition (in black-and-white photography) and perspective, a life-long carryover from Feininger's beginnings as an architect under Corbusier, with much of it new material or a new understanding of long-known ideas.

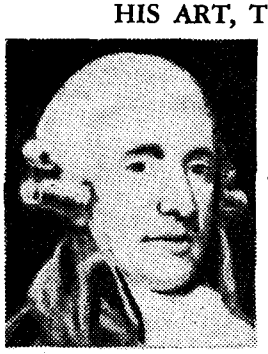
Heavily illustrated in letter-press and told in Feininger's quiet, sensitive, tolerant voice, there is pretty nearly everything needed here for a young photographer in search of technique, and not a few provocative notions for the hardened professional in search of photographic principles.

David E. Scherman is a former Life *photographer and author and illustrator of "Literary England."*

Thomas Mann praises—

Joseph Haydn

HIS ART, TIMES, AND GLORY



By H. E. JACOB

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

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Art Notes

ART NEWS ANNUAL XIX. Art Foundation, Inc., New York. $2.50. After last year's tedious issue dedicated to American art, it is pleasant to find the *Art News* devoting most of its latest annual to two timely and rewarding subjects: Van Gogh and baroque painting. William Gaunt's biographical essay, "The Man in His Time," serves as an introduction to four other Van Gogh items. In "The Artist and the Land," John Rewald juxtaposes a dozen of Van Gogh's landscapes with photographs of the actual scenes—an interesting and effective commentary. Stephen Spender in "The Painter as Poet" explores the poetic side of the artist through an examination of his letters, while Dr. Joachim Beer, author of a psychiatric study of Van Gogh, in "Diagnosis of the Tragedy" speculates on the exact mental illness from which he suffered. Murray Pease's "The Hand and the Brush" deals with Van Gogh's technique; although it contains some revealing enlargements of passages from the paintings, it does not carry the inquiry as far as many readers will wish. The worth of the whole Van Gogh section is enhanced by fifteen excellent color reproductions and many blacks and whites.

The other principal feature deals with the John and Mabel Ringling Museum at Sarasota, Fla., and baroque art, for which this institution is noted. In addition to the story of the circus king's collecting days and the building of the fabulous home that was to become the museum, its director, A. Everett Austin, Jr., a specialist in the field, contributes an article on baroque painting.

LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO MODERN ART, by Mary Chalmers Rathbun and Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr. Oxford. $4. The subtitle of this book is "Painting for a Scientific Age." If the authors had chosen it rather than the more ambitious one, offering to guide laymen through a large and thorny field, the reader would expect less and suffer correspondingly less disappointment.

The authors' method is a worthy one: on page after page they reproduce examples of the kind of painting now known as "modern" side by side or facing more traditional forms of art. Obviously, the labor they expended in the selection of the more than 100 examples was enormous; their willingness to use the work of comparatively young and unknown artists is commendable. But there is a highly personal quality about the collection as a whole that arouses one's distrust.

In building up a logical case for

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modern painting the authors often make their points lucidly and tersely; yet too frequently they lapse into abstruse and confused statements that will cause professionals', as well as laymen's, heads to spin. And certainly it is not necessary to justify modern painting in terms of comic strips, illustrations, and Petty drawings, as they have done! There is need for a layman's guide to modern art. Some of the material for it is here but, unfortunately, the volume fails to measure up to its opportunity.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, by Robert Longhi. Iris-Oxford. $6.50. Piero della Francesca is not widely represented in museums, for little of his work is sufficiently portative. His few pictures that survive are for the most part in place; of these, the Arezzo frescoes, depicting "The Legend of the Holy Cross" in the Church of San Francesca at Arezzo, are the most comprehensive work of the master in good condition today. These date from his early mature years, after he had made his reputation farther from home. Few visitors going south from Florence through Tuscany fail to visit Arezzo to see them; they can testify to the fidelity of the dozen large reproductions in this book. The volume contains also two excellent reproductions of "The Resurrection of Christ" at Borgo San Sepulchro.

Roberto Longhi, a noted specialist on Piero, has supplied a twenty-page introduction and some notes. Although far from definitive, the text encompasses within a small space all that is essential of the artist and his work—particularly the Arezzo frescoes.

ART NOW, by Herbert Read. Pitman. $7.50. This third edition of Read's book (first published in 1933) would hardly call for a review now if it were not that a dozen years have passed since the last edition. The intervening years are now covered in an epilogue and the body of the book has been revised in many details. The most drastic changes have been made in the illustrations; now there are almost 200—each one dated, where possible, a practice that should become more general in art books. Included for the first time is what in Read's opinion constitutes a "representative selection" of American artists.

Although this is not his most important work on art, it is certainly his most popular one among students and remains very engaging reading for the lay explorer into the modern movement.

—L. R. SANDER.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
ROMANTICISM—YOUTHFUL		
MENDELSSOHN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR. Campoli; London Philharmonic, Van Beinum. London 78: LA 98 (3)	The usual rather full ffrr liveness for the orchestra; the solo violin closer than usual. A good balance for this music.	A reviewer gets to dread new recordings of this work — but this one is a pleasure. Unassuming, highly musical violin. Fine orchestral support.
MENDELSSOHN: QUARTET IN D, OPUS 44, #1. Guilet Quartet. WEBER: TRIO IN G MINOR FOR FLUTE, CELLO, AND PIANO, OPUS 63. René Le Roy, Janos Scholz, Erno Balogh. Vox LP: VLP 6390 (1) (Both on one record)	Two utterly different recordings. The Mendelssohn is wide-range, very sharp; close-to mike gives infrared clarity, breathing sounds; some distortion on hi-fi equipment. Weber lacks highs, is otherwise well balanced. Dullish toned.	Musically an interesting pair, in spite of divergent recording. The Mendelssohn is unusually vigorous, akin to "Italian" Symphony. The Weber suggests Schubert. Both in excellent performances.
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #7 in C. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol LP: 8040	Beautiful but weird recording — strange perspective, with handful (?) of strings very close, fine brass at a distance. Unnatural, though interesting.	I'll put in my word here—I don't like this late-Mengelberg, his fussy, arbitrary phrasing, precise eccentricity; most annoying on repetition. Strange balance, apparently under-stringed. Give me Walter, any day.
SCHUBERT: "ROSAMUNDE" OVERTURE, OPUS 26. London Symphony, Fistoulari. London 78: T 5475 (1)	Traditional ffrr-78 sound, full, reverberant, details confused. (Newer ffrr LP's are often quite different.)	A nice conception of this wonderfully gay and prodigally unorganized overture; some roughnesses in the playing.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #2. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1325 (4) (Also 78)	If you can play 45's, this one will reward you. The best of RCA's new recording, wide-range, with traditional Victor fine acoustics. Superior to Reiner's Columbia LP version.	This has the earthy, lusty quality (not Haydn-like!) of old Koussevitzky version (VM 625), my favorite for this particular symphony. (But S.F. strings are rougher than Boston's.)
ROMANTICISM—RIPE		
TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY #5. Berlin Philharmonic, Mengelberg. Capitol LP: P-8053 (Other speeds unavailable)	Wide-range, but quite unlike the Schubert-Mengelberg above. This is overall-style mike pickup, at a distance. Highs not too strong; can take boosting.	The Mengelberg precision of dramatic detail is good for this—avoids mushiness, adds genuine intensity. Seems less eccentric than Schubert symphony above.
BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY #5. Hamburg Philharmonic, Eugen Jochum. Capitol LP: P-8049/50 (2) (Other speeds not available)	Lacks the superb clarity of Jochum's recent Brahms Third, but it's plenty good enough. Overall pickup, like Tchaikovsky above. Two LP's replace eighteen shellac sides in original.	Here is fifth heaven for impatient Brucknerites! The whole work, as easy as rolling off a log, and with a top conductor. It'll last. LP really pays in Bruckner.
GLIERE: SYMPHONY #3 ("ILYA MOUROMETZ"). Orch. of Santa Cecilia, Rachmilovitch. Capitol LP: P-8047	A sad commentary — this new recording is thin, colorless, lacking highs, badly miked, far inferior to Capitol's decade-old Telefunkens! Tut, tut.	Chief value of this music is its brilliant color and mood. Poor recording leaves little excuse for this version. Try Stoky's old one, VM 841 (78).
BACH: CLAVIER CONCERTO IN E. Louise Thyrion, piano; Pro Musica Orch., Goldschmidt. Polydor-Vox LP: PLP 6630 (½)	One of the new high quality Vox LP's, from tape. Excellent job, good piano, wide-range strings, nice balance, clarity. Some rough playing shows lack of re-recording rehearsal.	Ordinarily the piano is wrong for Bach, but this is good Bach playing, well phrased, smooth, with no pianistic anachronisms. Wonderful music, seldom heard; sympathetic interpretation. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

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the Phoenix Nest

TENANTS OF A GHOST

THE Villa Medici is advertised
for sale, we learn,
Just like a place in Maine or on
the Sound;
Lorenzo's quattrocento gem has found
A listing number with a metropolitan
concern.
The offer mentions bathrooms and
garages, giving
Prospective purchasers to understand
This antique beauty Michelozzi
planned
Is well appointed for their ease and
gracious living.
It specifies what comforts one acquires
today
And stresses promises of worldly
pleasure
For those who have the money and the
leisure—
But still, there are such vital things it
does not say.

Now was it here that Botticelli walked
And on the sun-enameled grass saw
spring,
Together with her beauties frolicking?
Here certainly Ficino came and talked
Of Plato with his great dark lord.
Then, after,
Perhaps the company assembled
viewed
Da Vinci's drawing of Bandini nude
And hanged head-down; there prob-
ably was laughter
Because he looked ridiculous. What
lengthy hours
Were spent upon the high-walled ter-
race in debate
About a Pazzi murder, ideal love or
fate,
Lorenzo's poem to violets, his favorite
flowers.

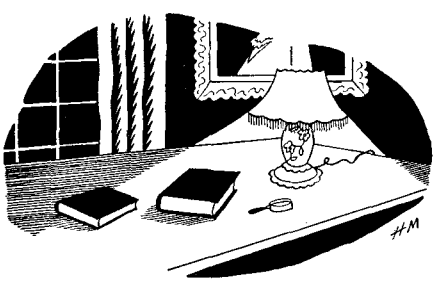
Well, let a movie star or Texas mil-
lionaire
Become the villa's newest gracious
liver,
Gaze down on Florence gathered to its
river;
Remodel, worry, spend, have guests
from everywhere;
Be photographed for *Vogue*; preen just
a bit and boast
About "my place." Five hundred years
is long ago,
Yet still true title rests with Il Mag-
nifico;
He is the lord and they but tenants of
a ghost.

—DOROTHY LODER.

* * *

I am glad to share this letter from Ben Huebsch, of the Viking Press:

> The Vagabonds met weekly for lunch in a basement room at the National Arts Club. E. J. Wheeler,



editor of *Current Literature*, was president and then, I think, Woods of the *Literary Digest*. Almost always there was a guest of some distinction and he would speak to the group informally and sub rosa. Once there was a guest who didn't speak; whether he was frightened by the cluster of literary lights or just shy I don't remember. He said he couldn't speak but he could dance a jig. And he did. That was Andrew Carnegie.

The club was a miniature of what the Dutch Treat Club is now, but it was unpretentious though select: I suppose we paid dues sufficient for postage and petty expenses. The number of members was never greater than could be accommodated at a large table.

Alexander Harvey was by no means the most important member, but in a way he was the star. When there was no guest at lunch it was the common practice to call on Harvey to speak. With no hesitation he would unloose a sea of words; it made little sense at first but the sound was good; he had an unlimited vocabulary and he could make nothing at all seem quite important. After a while a subject emerged and then a general discussion would ensue.

The *Bang* was not the organ of the Vagabonds: it was Harvey. Not satisfied to be merely vocal at the lunches, he brought himself to the meetings in print in the form of the *Bang*, the contents of which varied according to his mood. I very well remember his allusions to Jones Very, whom you mentioned. The name was new to me and I thought it was one of Harvey's solemn jokes. The *Bang* was set in large type to an incongruously narrow measure. I own a file —incomplete, I suppose—which by now should go to the New York Public Library unless they own one.

* * *

THE WORRIER

My faults if stood end upon end
Would top the tallest steeples.
Faults fret and worry me all day
long—
Not my faults, other people's.

—EVELYN YEAKEL.

* * *

I am happy to print the following from Myra Thompson, of Kent, Ohio:

> Some time ago you had an article in *The Saturday Review* dealing with the obscure language used by writers in the social sciences. I should like to submit this paragraph from the *Ohio Journal of Science*, January 1948, by Clarence Hamilton Kennedy, of Ohio State University, who writes on myrmecological technique, or the collecting of ants:
>
> > The use of collectors interested in bush and tree insects is obtained as a favor. No collector can collect effectively for any length of time outside his own group. He overlooks his own group. According to authorities on human behavior, a favor freely given and accepted calls for an equal favor in return. The writer saves all beetles for the Coleopterist. These can be preserved in one-dram vials of 70-per-cent alcohol along with the ants, sorted out later and presented with properly gracious words and gestures. Such a tie-up between two collectors is well worth while and becomes increasingly profitable to each. For the collector of Hemiptera, for some reason, the tie-up is less effective. The ant collector too often brings back widely spread common species.
>
> It reminds me of a gentleman my husband and I met on our travels who said he'd be glad to send us pictures *he* took of Jerusalem, but he wouldn't care for any of ours, thank you. Dat ol' common species again!

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Scott: orange. 2. Cervantes: porridge. 3. Carlyle: Bacon. 4. Watts: honey. 5. Sheridan: toast. 6. Pope: coffee. 7. E. Burke: bread. 8. Rabelais: cheese. 9. Sidney Smith: salad. 10. Milton: ale. 11. Shakespeare: caviar. 12. Pepys: oysters, lobsters. 13. Carroll: soup. 14. Gray: fish. 15. Beaumont & Fletcher: cucumbers. 16. Fielding: roast beef. 17. Dickens: potatoes, poultry, prunes. 18. Gilbert: pudding. 19. Bible: wine. 20. Lamb: tobacco.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 827)

A. ROGERS:
WOMEN ARE HERE TO STAY

The young woman of the mid-twentieth century.....freed from Victorian restrictions of propriety, ...from ancient prejudices, ...is as bewildered as any woman ever was over her choices among the demands made upon her by present-day society.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 828

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

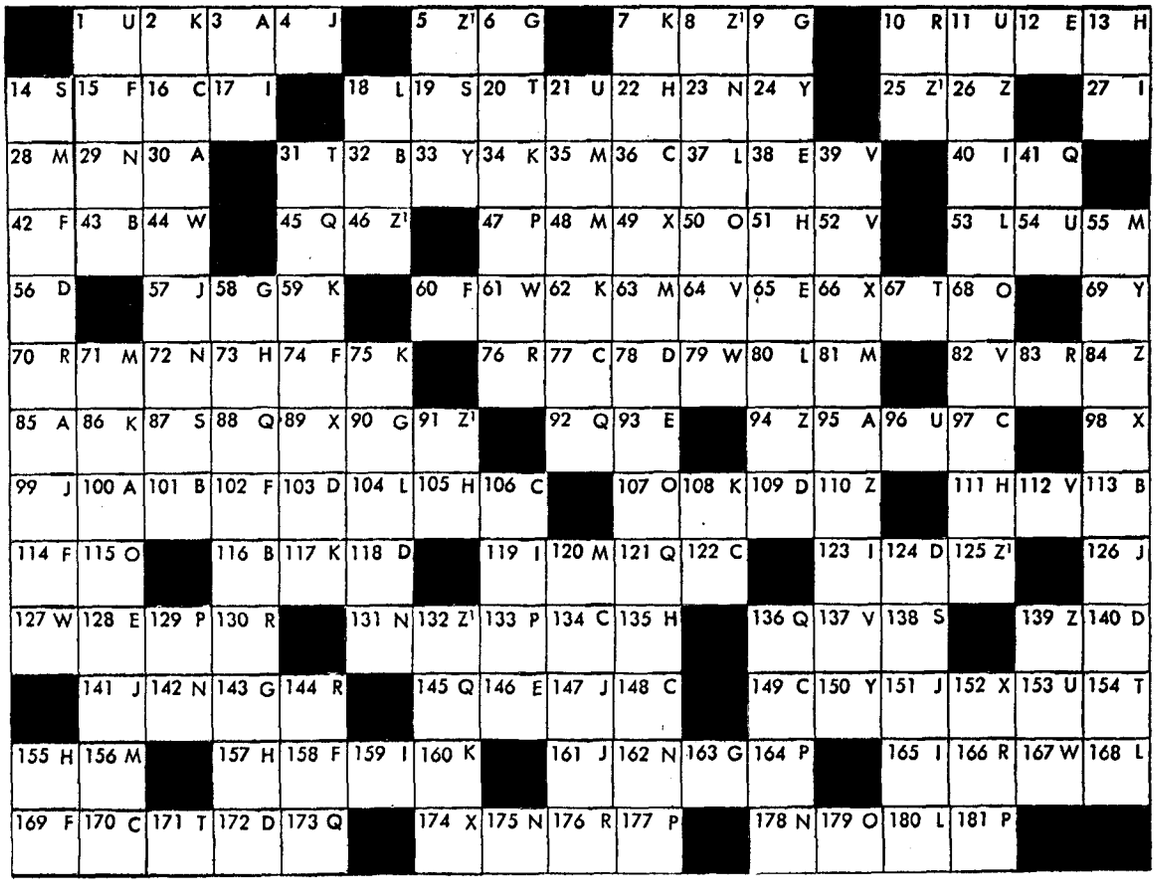
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A medieval stringed violinlike instrument.	85 95 3 30 100
B. A body of scholars trained for authorities in Moslem religion and law (Moslem law).	101 43 32 113 116
C. An active or passive opponent of progress or progressive ideas.	149 77 134 106 36 122 97 170 16 148
D. The river that cooled Phaëthon's burning frame in his fall from the heavens (Gr. myth.).	56 78 103 118 109 124 172 140
E. Full of fissures or chinks (var. sp.).	12 65 128 146 38 93
F. To spruce.	169 15 102 60 158 42 74 114
G. Appellation of the "candle," official German unit of light intensity.	58 9 6 90 143 163
H. Freedom from solicitude; indifference.	105 155 111 22 135 13 157 51 73
I. A powdered gum resin from the Far East used by artists for yellow pigment.	17 123 27 165 40 119 159
J. Alchemical; magic.	4 141 147 161 99 57 151 126
K. Mountain in Arcadia figuring in Hercules's third labor (Gr. myth.).	59 160 86 62 2 117 7 108 34 75
L. To act shiftily.	18 53 168 104 37 80 180
M. Symbolic pillar or post set up before the house (Northwest Indian; 2 wds.).	156 120 35 63 71 55 28 81 48
N. Those who lack this world's goods (colloq.; comp.).	175 131 142 72 23 162 178 29

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Spirit in a community that esp. activates moral attitudes, etc.	68 107 179 50 115
P. Appellation of the lion featured in Hercules's first labor.	177 129 47 164 133 181
Q. World of mist preceding the creation (Norse myth.).	136 92 41 173 88 121 45 145
R. Clouded; gloomy (weather or moods).	70 83 166 144 10 176 130 76
S. That which, being sewed or otherwise fastened to an edge or a border, serves to guard, strengthen, or adorn it.	138 19 14 87
T. To the rear of; behind (naut.).	20 31 154 171 67
U. Spreads by rumor or report.	153 54 11 96 1 21
V. A character created by Finley Peter Dunne (preceded by "Mr.").	64 112 137 39 82 52
W. Fort San Antonio, Texas; in American battle-slogan of the Mexican War.	167 44 79 61 127
X. A concession to invite discussion.	152 66 49 98 89 174
Y. A minor Hebrew prophet, author of O. T. book.	33 69 150 24
Z. First name, noted Turkish statesman, now President of Turkey.	139 26 94 84 110
Z¹. The dragon that forever gnaws at the root of Ygdrasil (Norse myth.).	46 25 125 8 5 91 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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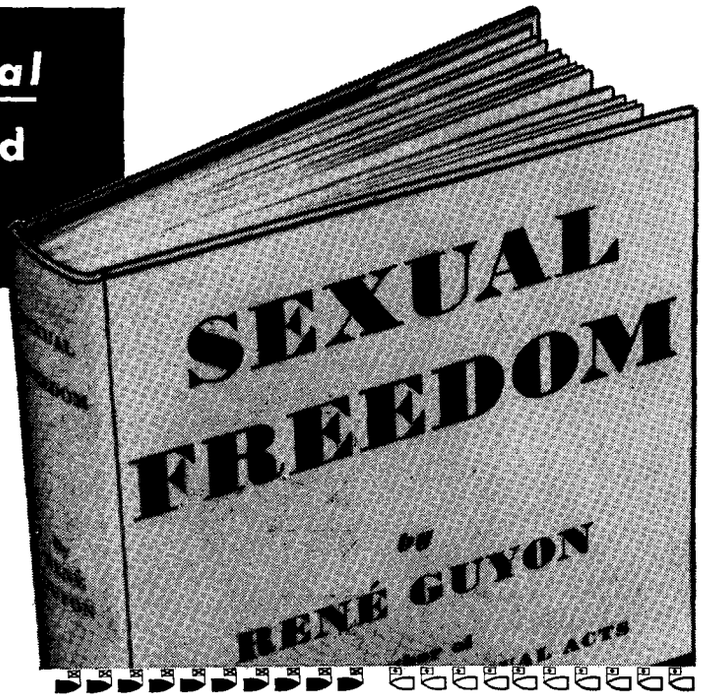

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